





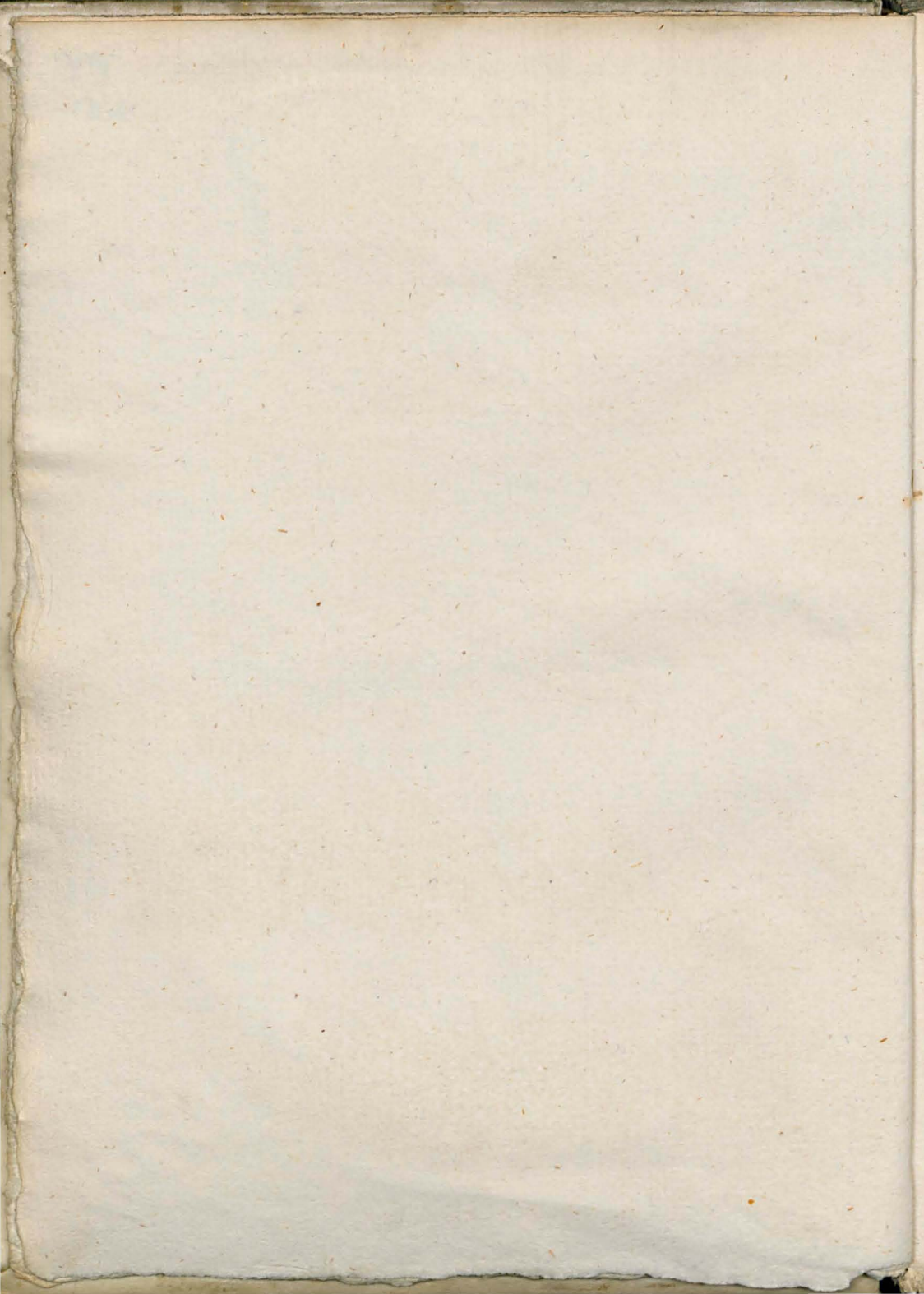


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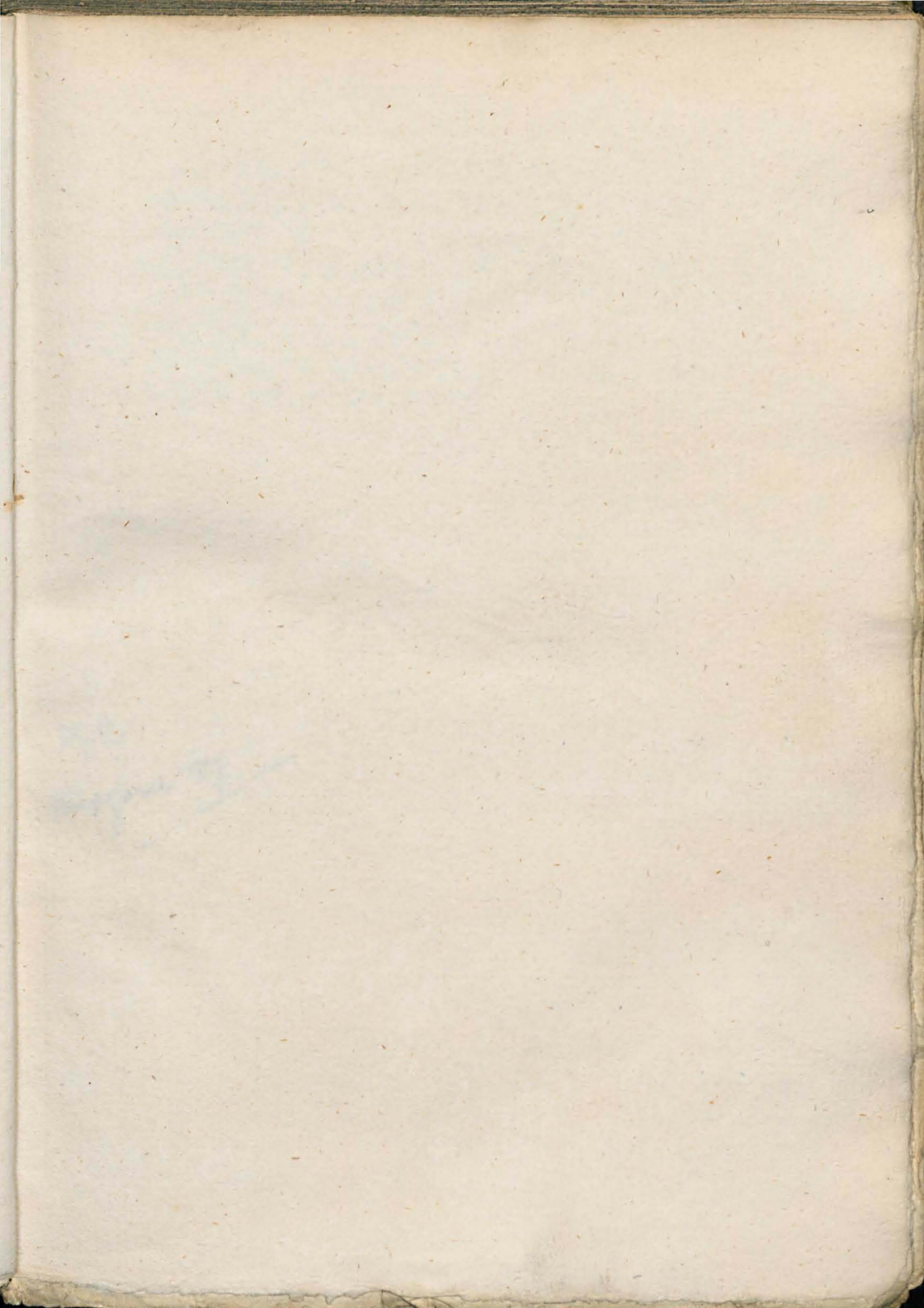
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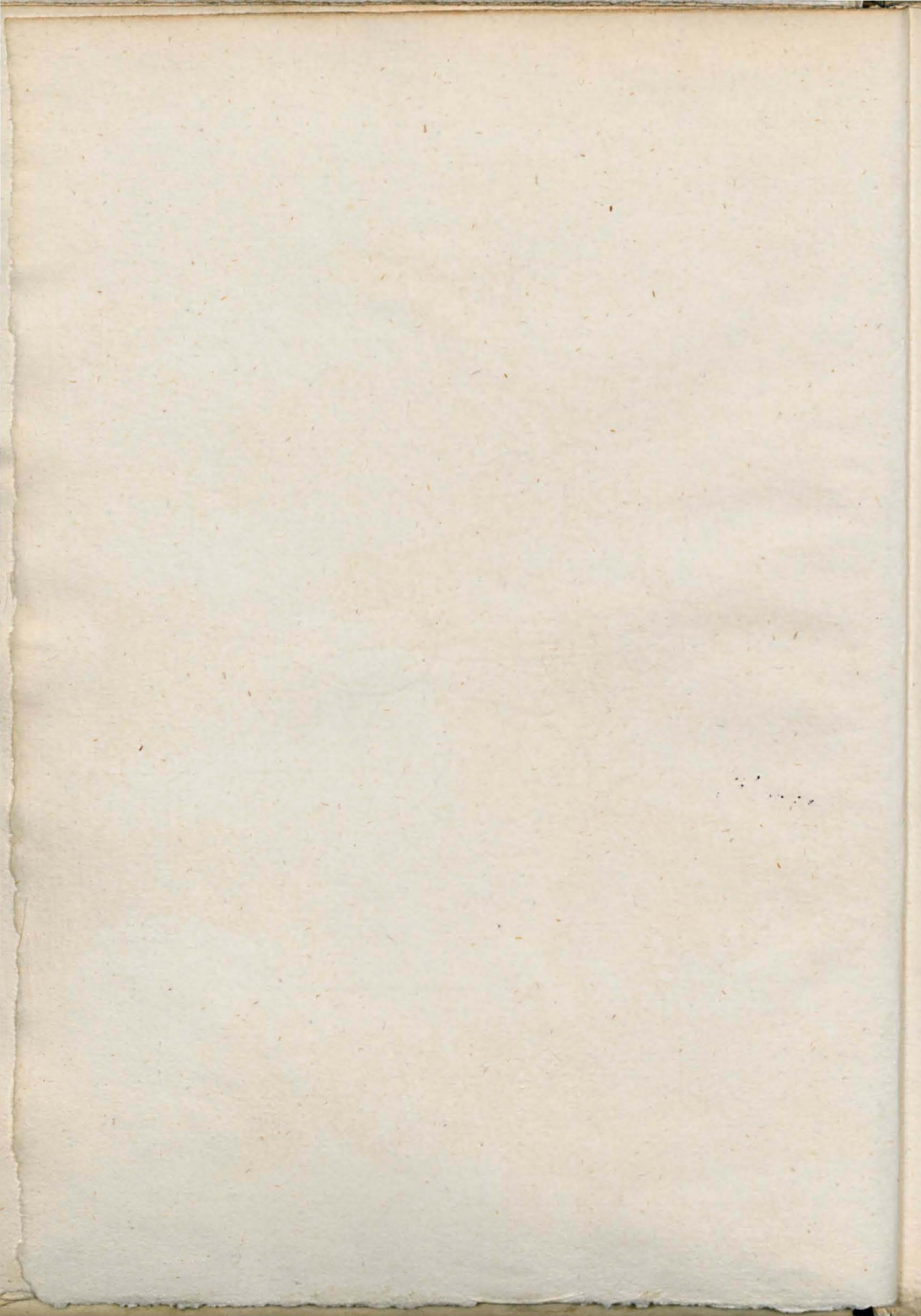














THE LOVE-LYRICS & SONGS OF  
PROTEUS BY WILFRED SCAWEN  
PUNNET WITH THE LOVE SON-  
NETS OF PROTEUS BY THE SAME  
AUTHOR NOW REPRINTED IN  
ONE FULL TEXT WITH MANY  
SONNETS OMITTED FROM THE  
EARLIER EDITIONS.  
LONDON: H. M. CO. 1894.

M.C.  
Oxford '57

THE LOVE LYRICS A SONG OF  
PROUD BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE  
ABOUT WITH THE LOVE SONG  
NEEDS FROM THE SONG  
AUTHOR NOW REPRINTED IN  
THEIR FULL TEXT WITH MANY  
SONNETS OMITTED FROM THE  
EARLIER EDITIONS

43  
Cupido



THE LOVE-LYRICS & SONGS OF  
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THE LOVE-LYRICS AND SONGS  
OF PROTEUS.

SONG. LOVE ME A LITTLE.



OVE me a little,  
love me as thou wilt,  
Whether a draught  
it be of passionate  
wine  
Poured with both  
hands divine,  
Or just a cup of  
water spilt

On dying lips and mine.  
Give me the love thou wilt,  
The Purity, the guilt,  
So it be thine.

2.

Love me a little. Let it be thy cheek  
With its red signals, that were dear to kiss;  
Or, if thou mayest not this,  
A finger-tip my own to seek  
At night-fall when none guess.  
Eyes have the wit to speak,  
And sighs send messages:  
Even give less.

3.

Love me a little. Let it be in words  
Of happy omen heralding thy choice,



Song. Love  
me a little.

Or in a veiled sad voice  
Of warning like a frightened bird's.  
How should I not rejoice  
Though swords be crossed with swords  
And discord mar love's chords,  
And tears thy voice?

4.

Love me a little. All my world thou art.  
Thy much were Heaven: thy little Earth shall be.  
If not Eternity,  
Then Time be mine, the human part,  
A single hour with thee.  
Love as thou wilt and art,  
With all or half a heart,  
So thou love me.

Song. Oh!  
for a day of  
Spring.

SONG. OH! FOR A DAY OF SPRING.



H! for a day of Spring,  
A day of flowers and  
folly,  
Of birds that pipe  
and sing  
And boyhood's  
melancholy.  
I would not grudge  
the laughter,  
The tears that

followed after.



2.

Oh! for a day of youth,  
A day of strength and passion,  
Of words that told the truth,  
And deeds the truth would fashion!  
I would not leave untasted  
One glory while it lasted.

Song. Oh!  
for a day of  
Spring.

3.

Oh! for a day of days,  
A day with you and pleasure,  
Of love in all its ways,  
And life in all its measure!  
Win me that day from sorrow,  
And let me die to-morrow.

## TWENTY DAYS.



TWENTY days are  
barely gone,  
I was merry all the  
day,  
Folly was my butt of  
scorn,  
Now the fool myself  
I play.

Twenty  
Days.

2.

Wit and learning ruled my head,  
Logic and economy,

Twenty  
Days.

All the books I ever read  
Taught me only vanity.

3.

Most of all it moved my mirth  
Womankind the world should rule.  
Man, the lord of all the Earth!  
He, forsooth, a woman's tool!

4.

Cherry lip and glancing eye!  
What were rosy cheeks to me?  
Beauty's truth was but a lie,  
Witness tomes of history!

5.

Twenty days had barely run:  
Twenty years they well might be:  
All my wisdom was undone,  
Reason bade good-night to me.

6.

Her hair was of the red, red gold,  
Her blue eyes looked me through and through,  
She was twenty-three years old,  
I was twenty years and two.

7.

Fortune, fame, I freely give,  
Honour's self if so she please,  
Sweetly in her smile to live  
Other twenty days like these.



## LOVE'S LIKENINGS.

He.

Love's  
liknings.



O what, love, shall I  
liken thee?

Thou, methinks,  
shalt firstly be  
A blue flower with  
nodding bells  
In the hollow of a  
tree.

When the wind  
blows wantonly

Thou shalt ever shake thy head

At the idle tale he tells;

But at evening from the clover,

When the world is all abed,

And the noisy day is over,

And the birds have gone to rest,

In the darkness will I hover

Till thou bid me come to thee,

Till I creep into thy nest,

I thy long expected lover,

I thy sweet, thy honey-bee.

To what, love, shall I liken thee?

Tell me, love, what wouldst thou be?

She. I would be a white cloud lying

In the bosom of the sky,

And at noon, when Earth is sighing

For the sun my fleeces hide,

Love's  
likenings.

I would bask in his bright eye,  
Till he drew me up on high,  
Till he took me for his bride.  
Thou shalt be my sun to me.

Love, but I would be a well  
In the sands of Araby,  
So thyself wert a gazelle  
Which must either drink or die.  
Bend above me, love, and lo,  
In my waters thou shalt spy  
All that my heart cares to show,  
Thy own face against the sky.

He. To what more shall I liken thee?  
Thou, my love, shalt lastly be  
A clear silver-tongued brook  
Running downwards to the Sea,  
And the reeds have sought to stay thee  
Under every shaded nook,  
And the pebbles have waylaid thee  
With their bald heads to dismay thee,  
Till thy pretty face grows white  
Half in anger, half in fright.  
See, thy troubles are forgot  
In the still pool suddenly,  
And a smile has found thee out,  
Taking shape of thy delight,  
Laughing, weeping, onward ever,  
Till thou join thy self to me,



For my love shall be the river,  
Thou and I shall run together  
Ever till we meet the Sea.

Love's  
likenings.

SONG. RED, RED GOLD.

Song. Red,  
Red Gold.



ED, red gold, a king-  
dom's ransom, child,  
To weave thy yellow  
hair she bade them  
spin.

At early dawn the  
gossamer spiders  
toiled,  
And wove the sun-  
rise in.

2.

She took the treasures of the deep blue noon,  
She took the clear eyes of the morning star,  
The pale-faced lilies of a seven-days moon,  
The dust of Phœbus' car.

3.

She painted thee with dew-drops from the  
flowers,  
Stained with their petals, hyacinth and rose,  
And violets all wet with April showers  
And snow-drops from the snows.

**A Rhapsody. A RHAPSODY.**



**H**ERE is a God most  
surely in the heavens,  
Who smileth always  
though His face be  
hid;  
And young joy  
cometh as His  
messenger  
Upon the earth, like  
to a rushing wind,

Scattering the dead leaves of our discontent  
Ere yet we see him. Then he setteth us  
Upon his back and flieth to God's presence,  
Till on our faces there is seen the light  
Which streameth from his brows for evermore.

**THERE** is a God. Ay, by this breath of dawn,  
I swear there is a God, even here on earth;  
And see, a blush upon the edge of heaven  
Bearing me witness! There is something  
changed

About these woods since yesterday: a look  
Of shame on Nature's face: a consciousness  
In the bent flowers, a troubled tell-tale gleam  
On the lake's brim. This morning, as I passed  
Over the lawn, there was an instant's hush  
Among the trees, and then a whispering  
Which woke the birds; and of a sudden, lo!  
A thousand voices breathed conspiracy;



And now a silence. There are listening ears  
In all these bushes waiting till I speak.

**A Rhapsody.**

**THERE** is a God. I swear it on the truth  
Of my new joy, which is not of the earth  
But grows within my hand, a thing of strength,  
A wonder to the earth, whose old worn heart  
Has long been joyless. Listen, while I speak,  
Ye autumn woods; ye ancient forest trees,  
Lend me your ears; thou little brook, be still,  
Till I have spoken, for I have a tale  
For the morning's ear; and O, thou Nature's  
voice,  
Be silent this one day and hear of joy  
Newer than thine. You friends whom I have  
loved,  
Listen, and stop me not with word or sign  
Till I have poured my heart into your ears.  
For if you spoke to me I should not hear,  
And if you wept with me I should not see,  
And if you mocked me I should not suspect,  
Being this day the fool of happiness.  
And all my blood is full of dancing motes,  
And in my brain are chords of silver tone  
Divinely struck to statelier harmonies  
Than heaven's own harping; and my eyes  
have tears  
Which brim and quiver, but they will not fall  
For they are far too happy in my eyes.  
Tears, what of tears? which are but new de-  
lights,

**A Rhapsody.** New visions of new joys which none have seen,  
And which are mine. Such only Solomon  
Saw when he sat upon his ivory throne,  
And, lo, the pageantry of Sheba came,  
Bearing its queen upon a sandal bed,  
And laid her at his feet. These, even I,  
Who live and speak with you, have seen to-  
night.

**AND** mark, how simply wonders come about  
And take our hearts by storm, as in the night  
Fate creeps upon a city. I had fled  
Four months ago, when July nights were young,  
Out to the wilderness to be alone.  
Four months, four summer months among the  
hills,  
So far from my old life I had forgot  
All to my name; none knew me but my dog,  
And he was secret. Thus, in pedlar's guise,  
With pack and staff, and bartering such small  
wares  
Of pills and ointments as the vulgar love,  
And gathering simples, I had worked my way  
Through every valley of the Candriote hills.  
Four summer months of silence, and the balm  
Of the green pastures where the cattle go  
In the long droughts; among the giant rocks  
Which are the walls of heaven, the ibex'  
home;  
Among the dells where the green lizards lurk



Waiting for sunrise: Oh, I knew them all:  
The speckled birds which live among the  
stones.

I made new friendship with each grass and  
weed,

Each moss and lichen. Every flower became  
Like a familiar face, and, as I passed,  
The harebell nodded to me from her stem,  
The gentian opened wide her sapphire eyes,  
And the Alp-roses blushed. But, most of all,  
The butterflies were mine. I marked each one,  
As he came sailing down upon the wind,  
A furlong off. The Argus looked at me  
Out of his hundred eyes and did not move.  
I could have counted you the purple spots  
On great Apollo's wings. The shepherds came,  
And brought their sick that I might heal their  
woes

With my poor knowledge, and I learned in  
turn

Much weather-wisdom, and some wisdom too  
Fresh from their human hearts 'twas wealth  
to know.

**AND** thus I lived and dreamed and drank  
the wind

Which snows had cooled; and often I have  
stood

On some tall pinnacle above the plain  
And watched the clouds come flying on the  
breeze

**A Rhapsody.** To tear their fleeces on the jagged rocks  
Until they caught and folded me about  
In their damp garments; and when these were  
gone  
And the sun broke through the rain, my very  
soul  
Laughed with the sun, washed white as a  
christened child,  
And all was clean forgotten but its joy.  
Such life was mine the short sweet summer  
through;  
But when the August days were fled away  
And nights grew chill, I came to Bannastal,  
On the Uranian Sea, and there my fate  
Was waiting for me, though I knew it not.

**MY** fate, and what a fate! Oh, L . . . , now  
I see my life transfigured like a seer's;  
My eyes are open. I read plain the meaning  
Of all that I beheld and heard and knew  
Through the past summer, as in words of fire:  
The sadness of my soul; my pilgrimage  
Among the hills; each flower upon my way;  
The sun; the stars; the passionate face of  
heaven;  
The virtue of the earth, which expectation  
Peopled for me with signs and prophecies:  
All, all foretold the coming of a god.  
Nay, more, each hope; each fancy; each desire;  
Each separate thought which I have thought;  
each sorrow



Laid on my heart; each unseen accident  
 Met in my road; each word; each look; each  
 choice;  
 Each idle dream, that I have dreamt in folly,  
 From my first hour till now, I do acknowledge  
 As the great forecast of a glorious fate,  
 Of hope made ecstasy and life made love.

**AND** thus it is, I learned the very truth,  
 That God is on this earth. For twenty days  
 Are come and gone, and twenty nights have  
 been,

More sunny than those days, since these  
 things were;  
 And I still ride upon the back of joy  
 Which bears me bravely. Still the flowers  
 blow.

St. Martin's summer has brought back the  
 birds

To sing in these old gardens as in June:  
 Listen! I hear one like the nightingale,  
 But sweeter and less sad, and thus she sings:



H! fly not, Pleasure, pleasant-  
 hearted Pleasure,  
 Fold me thy wings, I prithee,  
 yet and stay,  
 For my heart no measure  
 Knows, nor other treasure  
 To buy a garland for my love to-day.

A Rhapsody.

2.

And thou too, Sorrow, tender-hearted Sorrow,  
Thou grey-eyed mourner, fly not yet away,  
For I fain would borrow,  
Thy sad weeds to-morrow  
To make a mourning for love's yesterday.

3.

The voice of Pity, Time's divine dear Pity,  
Moved me to tears. I dared not say them nay,  
But went forth from the city  
Making thus my ditty  
Of fair love lost for ever and a day.

Song. Why  
do I love?

SONG. WHY DO I LOVE?



WHY do I love?  
Is it for men to choose  
The hour of the hushed  
night when crowned  
with dews,  
From its sea grave the  
morning star shall  
wake?  
Lo, while we drowsed,  
it rose on our heart's

ache.

And all our heaven was red with the day's hues,  
And glad birds chaunted from the trees above;  
So was it with my heart that might not choose,  
But woke to love.



2.

Song. Why  
do I love?

Why do I love?  
 The aureole of lost days  
 Is on thy brow and unforgotten face;  
 Faith's guiding light, the same which of old time  
 Sent men on knightly quests to deeds sublime  
 And the high prize which was their lady's grace.  
 Thither I follow careless what shall prove  
 So only at thy knees a little space  
 I too may love.

3.

Why do I love?  
 The paths of life are steep  
 And dark the issues, and the gulfs how deep!  
 This wayside shrine invites my knees to kneel.  
 Thou, dearest Saint, in witness of my zeal  
 Biddest me walk in joy who only weep,  
 And fare forth comforted who vainly strove.  
 See how my steps in thy sweet service leap!  
 See how I love!

4.

Why do I love?  
 There is a dream that stirs  
 My soul to its last depth of lost desires,  
 Music of waters in a thirsty land,  
 A step, a touch, the lingering of a hand,  
 Fingers that are the soft Spring's messengers,  
 And lips that to my kisses part and move  
 With passionate words which yet, how strange,  
 are hers,  
 Pleading for love.

Song. Why  
do I love?

Why do I love?

5.

If one had told me this,  
When I erewhile in the world's wilderness  
Wandered uncertain or of Heaven or Hell,  
How had I laughed as at a time-worn tale!  
To-day, behold, I too speak prophecies  
And hang my votive garland in the grove,  
And supplicate my god and kneel and kiss  
Her feet for love.

6.

Why do I love?

Ah, love, I will not make  
A longer reasoning even for thy sake;  
Be it enough that I am pleasure's thrall;  
Tell me thy will, in song or madrigal  
Or word unspoken. Bid me bend or break  
And brave all wraths of Earth or Heaven above,  
But not thy wrath. Ah, bid me not awake.  
Bid me still love.

Pictures on  
Enamel.

## PICTURES ON ENAMEL.



HEN Astraled was  
lying, like to die  
Of love's green sick-  
ness, all his bed was  
strown  
With buds of crocus  
and anemone,  
For other flowers yet  
were barely none,  
And these he loved.



And so it came to pass  
That when they deemed he slept, then one by  
one

The watchers left him for the candlemas;  
And thus he chanced upon his bed alone,  
When the day broke. You might have deemed  
he was  
An image of Hope slain by drear Oblivion.

2.

The chamber where he lay was hushed  
as sorrow,  
Which is joy's anteroom. The holy night  
In silent expectation of the morrow,  
Gazed on the moon, as some fair anchorite  
On her own chastity, until the sight  
Made her heart ache. But as the morning  
broke,  
Down the dim lobby came Somandolin  
With her thick hair around her like a cloak,  
Even to her feet. I wot she might have been  
The dawn's own sister. Clad in mystic white,  
More beautiful than awe, came that fair  
woman in.

3.

Long while she stood before the dreaming  
boy,  
Still as he lay on crimson cushions piled.  
And when she bent o'er him her breath did  
toy

Pictures on  
Enamel.

With his dank hair. Long while she stood and  
smiled,  
As smiled Elisha on the widow's child  
In Shunam. For although her lips were sad  
As a broken bow, if you had read their meaning  
You would have learned the sense that smiling  
had  
Was less of sorrow than of joy beguiled  
To grief at the sad world and its revealing,  
As when the name of Death is whispered to  
a child.

4.

Doubtless that lady knew the spell to win  
The life-blood back; for when she bent her  
down  
And laid her cheek to his that was so thin,  
The shut lips quivered and let fall a moan  
As in sweet pain. And next Somandolin  
Put her white hand upon the sleeper's arm  
Entangled in his tresses. She could feel  
The curls crisp back like leaves when they  
grow warm  
Before a watchfire. Then she took his chin  
In her two palms, and bade his eyes unseal  
Their close shut lids, and laid her lips upon his  
own.

5.

Slowly, as in a trance of wonderment,  
Those blue eyes opened wide, as from the dead



His spirit stole. Old memories came and went,  
Like summer lightnings, and a murmur sped  
To his dull ear, until he deemed it said,  
In a new tongue which none might heed but he,  
"Arise and worship for behold thy bed,  
"And all about thee is as holy ground."  
And then he cried, "Behold, dear love, I rise."  
And, on a sudden, waking from his swoond  
A countenance of tearful majesty  
And strange ecstatic love looked in his eyes.

Pictures on  
Enamel.

6.

These things were written for a mystery  
In the book of life, lest lovers in their need  
Should faint for hunger by the road and die.  
Thus were they written. Though a god should  
read,  
He could not choose but learn a newer creed,  
Transcending his own knowledge. For anon,  
The mass being ended, came the rest with speed,  
Bearing with them the blest viaticum  
And holy oils, nor guessed he needed not,  
Who sought him a long hour. The warder told  
Erewhile a knight, belike Sir Astraed,  
With a white lady rode the castle out,  
And all his harness was of burnished gold,  
Who, pricking fast towards the rising sun,  
Was gone beyond the hills upon his battle  
steed.

Adonis.

ADONIS.



HE gods did love  
Adonis, and for this  
He died, ere time had  
furrowed his young  
cheek.

For Aphrodite slew  
him with a kiss.

He sighed one sigh,  
as though he fain  
would speak

The name he loved, but that his breath grown  
weak

Died on his lips. So died the summer breeze;  
And all the wood was hushed a minute's space,  
Where I stood listening underneath the trees.

Until a wood-chat from her secret place  
Chirped in an undertone, "He is not dead,

"Not dead, for lo the bloom upon his face

"Is ruddy as the newly-blossomed rose,

"Which even yet is woven round his head.

"But sleep, more sweet than waking dream,  
doth close

"The laughter of his eyes. He is not dead."

2.

Alone in that fair wood the live-long day,  
And through the silent night I watched him  
near.

But in the morning he was fled away,  
When broke the dawn upon me cold and clear.



I looked within the thicket where he lay;  
And lo! the sod, which he had pressed in death,  
Was white with blossoms, scattered from the  
may,

Which made the thick air sweet with their  
sweet breath.

But he was gone: and I went o'er the heath,  
Clutching like one distraught the dim air grey  
With dawning, for a voice encompassed me,  
Crying, "Fair boy, thy youth was but a span,  
"Yet did it circle in eternity;

"Thy epic was accomplished. A man

"Fills but the measure of his destiny,

"And thine was all complete. Ere age began

"To mar the royal palace of thy youth

"With upper storeys of less perfect plan,

"Death, kindly death, filled with immortal ruth,

"Took back the trowel from the builder's hand

"And wrote his 'fecit' on thy work of truth."

Adonis.

## A NOCTURNE.

A Nocturne.



HE Moon has gone  
to her rest  
A full hour ago.  
The Pleiads have  
found a nest  
In the waves below.  
Slow, the Hours one  
by one  
In Midnight's foot-  
steps creep.

**A Nocturne.** Lovers who lie alone  
Soon wake to weep.  
Slow-footed tortoise Hours, will ye not hasten  
on,  
Till from his prison  
In the golden East  
A new day shall have risen  
And the last stars be gone,  
Like guests belated from a bridal feast?  
When the long night is done  
Then shall ye sleep.

**Song. The  
Death of the  
Rose.**

**SONG. THE DEATH OF THE  
ROSE.**



H, life! dear life, thy  
summer days have  
flown  
Swiftly, yet all too  
late, for they did  
wither;  
Joy should be joy for  
one short hour alone,  
Or it will lose its love-  
liness for ever.

2.

I did not spare to use the cruel knife,  
But cut the rose as soon as it was day,  
And gave it to my love. Its little life  
Passed, like a sigh, from Nature's breast away.



Song, The  
Death of the  
Rose.

3.

Full-hearted flower, thou didst not shrink nor  
flee

When the steel touched thee. No sad memories  
Made what thou knew not terrible to thee,  
And death came on thee like a sad surprise.

4.

Too happy flower, I would my love had died  
At unawares. By such a death as thine.  
I should have slain my love in its full pride,  
So had it lived and been for ever mine,

5.

A treasure for all joy to ponder on,  
Laid up for aye in old Time's palaces,  
A "thing of beauty" which my soul had won  
And death had made undying with a kiss.

SONG OF THE DESERT LARK.

Song of the  
Desert Lark.



LOVE, love, in vain  
We count the days of  
Spring.  
Lost is all love's pain,  
Lost the songs we sing.  
Sunshine and Summer  
rain,  
Winter and Spring  
again

Still the years shall bring,  
But we die.

Song of the  
Desert Lark.

2.  
Love, what a noon  
Of happy love was ours!  
Grief came too soon,  
Touched the Autumn flowers,  
Grief and the doubt of death,  
Mixed with the roses' breath.  
Darkly the Winter lowers,  
And we die.

3.  
His torch, love, the Sun  
Turns to the stormy West,  
Like a fair dream begun,  
Changing to jest.  
Love, while our souls are one,  
Still let us sing the Sun,  
Sing and forget the rest,  
And so die.

Song. Glad  
bird, I do be-  
wail thee.

SONG. GLAD BIRD, I DO BEWAIL  
THEE.



LAD bird, I do be-  
wail thee.  
Thy song it was so  
sweet  
That Earth looked up  
to hail thee,  
Till wings grew to her  
feet.  
But, ah, thy mate is  
lying dead



Among the new-mown hay,  
And a fowler comes to jail thee  
Where thou shalt pine away.

Song. Glad  
bird, I do be-  
wail thee.

2.

Bright butterfly, I wail thee,  
So dainty was thy wing,  
So bravely didst regale thee  
On every honied thing.  
But thou art all too lightly clad  
For any month but May,  
And Autumn rains shall trail thee  
And wash thy paint away.

3.

Sweet childhood, I bewail thee.  
Thy smile it shifteth ever  
As the ship that thou dost sail thee  
Adown the running river.  
But ah, life's river runneth fast  
And forward lies the sea,  
And what shall then avail thee  
Thy laughter and thy glee?

4.

And manhood, most I wail thee,  
Thy purpose was so great,  
But the fools that did assail thee  
Were stronger than thy fate,  
And thy heart it was so ruddy red  
That every archer knew  
Where he might best impale thee  
And drive his arrows through.

Song. Wilt  
thou take me  
for thy slave?

SONG. WILT THOU TAKE ME  
FOR THY SLAVE?



ILT thou take me for  
thy slave,  
With my folly and  
my love?  
Wilt thou take me  
for the bondsman of  
thy pride,  
Thou who dearer art  
to me than all the  
world beside?

For I love thee as no other man can love.

2.

Wilt thou take me to thy soul,  
For the truth which thou shalt prove?  
Wilt thou clothe me with the riches of thy  
care,  
Thou who dearer art to me than gold and  
jewels rare?  
For I love thee as no other man can love.

3.

Wilt thou take me for thy king,  
While the sun and stars shall move?  
Wilt thou pay me back the homage I have  
given,  
Oh thou dearer unto me than sun and stars  
and heaven?  
For I love thee as no other man can love.



## SONG. FOR THEE.

Song. For  
Thee. From  
words by S. S.



WHAT woes are there  
I would not choose to  
bear  
For thy dear sake?  
Curses were blest, the  
ache  
Of sorrow's scourging  
and grief's crown of care,  
All pain were dear to me,  
But it must be

For thee.

2.

A sun grown cold,  
Earth wrapped in vaporous fold,  
The cornflowers' head  
Robbed of their blue and red,  
The buttercups and daisies of their gold.  
This could I choose to see,  
But it must be  
For thee.

3.

The notes unheard  
Of lark and piping bird,  
Or else their songs  
Replaced by harsher tongues,  
No voice to sing to me, or speak a word.  
This too were joy to me,  
But it must be  
For thee.

Song. For  
Thee.

4.

A life alone,  
One left with others gone,  
A mourning house,  
Where none moves but the mouse  
Or knows the secret of its pale guests flown.  
Grief's tears were sweet to me,  
But it must be  
For thee.

5.

Night without sleep,  
Slow hours that halt and creep,  
A cheerless bed  
Where Love nor lays his head  
Nor looks with pity on blind eyes that weep.  
Watching were rest to me,  
But it must be  
For thee.

6.

Passion, once sure,  
With vain expense grown poor,  
Cheeks ruddy white  
Now crocussed with affright,  
And Love, the guest, all coldly shown the door.  
Love's loss were gain to me,  
But it must be  
For thee.

7.

Glory foresworn,  
The World's praise changed to scorn,



Silence of friends,  
Foes gaining all their ends  
Through fault of fortune and my sword un-  
drawn.  
Hatred were love to me,  
But it must be  
For thee.

Song. For  
Thee.

8.

Life's purpose vast,  
Turned to base ends and cast  
On lines of ill  
Which faltering downward still  
Shall topple headlong to the gulf at last.  
Life's shame were pride to me,  
But it must be  
For thee.

9.

A guarded cell  
Where crime and madness dwell,  
Where murder creeps  
And maniac laughter weeps,  
With the undying worm for last farewell.  
There let me die, sad me,  
But it must be  
For thee.

10.

O soul of mine!  
Thou wert a thing divine,  
But made in vain.  
Then be thou broke in twain

Song. For  
Thee.

And spilled upon time's empty sands like wine.  
My soul no Heaven would see,  
But it must be  
For thee.

Triplets.  
The Stricken  
Hart.

TRIPLETS. THE STRICKEN HART.



HE stricken hart had  
fled the brake,  
His courage spent for  
life's dear sake.  
He came to die beside  
the lake.

The golden trout  
leaped up to view,  
The moor fowl

clapped his wings and crew,  
The swallow brushed him as she flew.

He looked upon the glorious sun,  
His blood dropped slowly on the stone,  
He loved the life so nearly won,

And then he died. The ravens found  
A carcase couched upon the ground,  
They said their god had dealt the wound.

The Eternal Father calmly shook  
One page untitled from life's book.  
Few words. None ever cared to look.

Yet woe for life thus idly riven  
He blindly loved what God had given.  
And love, some say, has conquered Heaven.



SONG. LILAC AND GOLD AND  
GREEN.

Song. Lilac  
and gold and  
green.



LILAC and gold and  
green!  
Those are the colours  
I love the best,  
Spring's own raiment  
untouched and clean,  
When the world is  
awake and yet hardly  
dressed,  
And the stranger sun,

her bridegroom shy,  
Looks at her bosom and wonders why  
She is so beautiful, he so blest.

2.

Lilac and green and gold!  
Those were the colours you wore to-day.  
Robed you were in them fold on fold,  
Clothed in the light of your love's delay.  
And I held you thus in my arms, once only,  
And wondered still, as you left me lonely,  
How the world's beauty was changed to grey.

3.

Lilac and gold and green!  
I would die for the truth of those colours  
true:  
Lilac for loyalty, gold for my queen,

Song. Lilac  
and gold and  
green.

And green the faith of my love for you.  
Here is a posy of all the three:  
My heart is with it, so think of me,  
And our weeping skies shall once more be  
blue.

Song. To  
Her whose  
name.

# SONG. TO HER WHOSE NAME.



O her whose  
name,  
With its sweet  
sibilant sound,  
like sudden showers,  
Splashing the grass  
and flowers,  
Hath set my  
April heart  
aflake;

2.

To her whose face,  
The flower and crown of all created things,  
Dearer than even Spring's,  
Hath been to me a sacrament of grace;

3.

Whose luminous mind,  
Stored with all gladness of the earth and sky,  
Hath lightened my sad eye  
And made it wise in love which erst was  
blind;



Song. To  
Her whose  
name.

4.

Whose voice of pleasure,  
Calling to joys as a blithe wedding bell  
When ringers ring it well,  
Hath tuned my soul to its own happy  
measure;

5.

Whose blessed hand,  
With its white mystery of fingers five,  
Each one a soul alive,  
Hath taught me truths no angels understand;

6.

Whose arms within,  
Should she once clasp me to her very heart,  
God knoweth we should not part,  
But live for aye in Heaven's own bliss divine;

7.

To her, alas,  
Who is so near yet standeth still so far,  
Seeing the mortal bar  
Betwixt us ever which we cannot pass;

8.

These lines I send  
With my heart's tears to-night beseeching  
her,  
Of her dear love more dear,  
To be no less to me my sweetest soul and  
friend.

Dead Joys. DEAD JOYS.



Woe on with thy  
loud changeless wail,  
Desolate sea,  
Grinding thy pebbles  
into thankless sand.  
Oh, could I lash my  
angry heart like thee  
Until it broke upon  
an iron land,  
The very rocks

should tremble and turn pale  
To be the witness of my agony.

2.

Fierce wind, the sob of thy dull pitiless voice  
Is thick with snow.  
Hiss out thy tale into my ice-bound ear  
In sleety whispers, for full well I know  
That in thy wanderings thou hast seen my joys:  
My young joys, dead in some far hemisphere,  
A land of blackness and colossal woe.

3.

Naked they lay, my shipwrecked mariners,  
Upon the shore.  
The low moon pointed her long fingers, red  
As a murderer's hand, between their prison bars  
In the ribbed wreck, which hungry ocean tore  
At the first spring-tide to reclaim the dead  
And hide them in his jaws for evermore.



4.

## Dead Joys.

Tell me, thou silence, what sad death they died,  
 Poor castaways!

What wolfish eyes were on each other there,  
 When they had eaten all that hunger stays,  
 And thirst no longer could be quenched with  
 pride?

Didst thou not see their teeth grow white and  
 bare,

Grinding a savage thought for many days,

5.

Until they fell upon their own red hearts?

Thou didst not see,

Or Thou hadst surely had some pity, God,

When they crept gnawing to the vital parts,

My joys, which I had nursed so tenderly

In the very cradle of my love's abode.

Or art Thou pitiless as wind or sea?

## AT A FUNERAL.

## At a Funeral



LOVED her too, this  
 woman who is dead.

Look in my face. I  
 have a right to go  
 And see the place  
 where you have made  
 her bed

Among the snow.

Ata Funeral.

2.

I loved her too whom you are burying.  
I have a right to stand beside her bier,  
And to my handful of the dust I fling,  
That she may hear.

3.

I loved her; and it was not for her eyes  
Which you have shut, nor for her yellow hair,  
Nor for the face which in your bosom lies:  
Let it lie there.

4.

Nor for the wild-birds' music of her voice,  
Which we shall hear in dreams till we too sleep;  
Nor for the rest, which made the world rejoice  
And angels weep.

5.

It was not for the payment of sweet love,  
Though love is often straitened for a kiss,  
Nor for the hope of other joys above,  
But only this,

6.

That she had laid her hand upon my heart  
Once in the summer time when we were young,  
And that her finger-tips had left a smart,  
And that my tongue

7.

Had spoken words which might not be un-  
spoken,



Lest they should make a by-word of love's  
truth;  
And I had sworn that love should be the token  
Of my youth.

At a Funeral.

8.

And so I gave her all, and long ago  
The treasure of my youth was put in pawn;  
And she was little richer that I know  
When that was gone.

9.

But I have lived a beggar since that day  
And hide my face if may be from men's eyes;  
For often I have seen them shrink away,  
As in surprise

10.

That such a loathsome cripple should be found  
To walk abroad in daylight with the rest  
With scarce a rag to cover up the wound  
Upon his breast.

11.

Yet no man stopped to ask how this might be,  
Or I had scared them, and let loose my tongue,  
How I had bought myself this misery  
When I was young.

12.

Yet I have loved her. This must be my pay,  
The pension I have earned me with these tears:  
The right to kneel beside her grave to-day,  
Despite these years,

At a Funeral.

13.

With all her kisses burning on my cheek.  
As when I left her and our love was dead,  
And our lips trembled though they did not  
speak  
The night I fled;

14.

The right to bid you stand aside, nor be  
A witness of our meeting. Did you love  
In joy as I have loved in misery?  
You did not prove

15.

Your love was stronger than the strength of  
death,  
Or she had never died upon your hand.  
I would have fed her breathing with my breath;  
I would have fanned

16.

A living wind of heaven to her lips;  
I would have stolen life from Paradise.  
And she is dead, and you have seen eclipse  
Within those eyes.

17.



If I could know that you had  
loved her well;  
If I could hold it for a certainty  
That you had sold your life as I  
did sell;  
If I could see



18.

Ata Funeral.

The blackness of your soul, and with my  
tongue  
Taste the full bitterness of tears unshed;  
If I should find your very heart was wrung  
And maimed and dead;

19.

If I should feel your hand's grasp crumble mine,  
And hug the pain when I should grasp in turn;  
If I could dip my fingers in the brine  
Of eyes that burn;

20.

If I could hear your voice call back the dead  
With such a mighty cry of agony,  
That she should turn and listen in the bed  
Where she doth lie;

21.

And all the heavens should together roll,  
Thinking they heard the angel's trumpet tone,  
I could forget it that you bought a soul  
Which was my own;

22.

I could forget that she forgot her vows,  
That aught was bartered for the wealth of love;  
I could untell the story of my woes,  
Till God above

23.

Should hold her guiltless and condone the  
wrong

**At a Funeral.** Done to His justice; I could take your hand  
And call you brother, as we went along  
To take our stand

24.

Before His judgment-seat with her again  
Where we are hurrying, for we could not keep  
Our place unchallenged in the ranks of men  
Who do not weep.

**The Broken  
Pitcher.**

### THE BROKEN PITCHER.



CCURSED be the  
hour of that sad day  
The careless potter  
put his hand to thee,  
And dared to fashion  
out of common clay  
So pure a shape as  
thou didst seem to  
me.

2.

An idle boy, when vintage was begun,  
I passed, and saw thy beauty for my sin,  
And poured unheedingly till it was done  
The red wine of my love's first gathering in.

3.

And thou, ah! thou didst look at me and smile  
To see me give with such ungrudging hand,



As taking all to thy dear heart, the while  
It only fell upon the thirsty sand.

The Broken  
Pitcher.

4.

Sad pitcher, thou wast broken at the well,  
Ere yet the shepherd's lip had tasted thine;  
A god had lost in thee his hydromel,  
As I have wasted my poor wealth of wine.

5.

Yet, wherefore wast thou made so fair a thing?  
Or why of clay, whose fabric rightly were  
Of finest gold, new-fashioned for a king,  
And framed by some divine artificer?

6.

I will not curse thee, thou poor shape of clay,  
That thou art other than thou seemed to be,  
Yet I will break thee, that no passer may  
Unthinking break another heart on thee.

## AN UNWRITTEN TRAGEDY.

An Unwrit-  
ten Tragedy.



O, ye that thirst beside  
the running stream!  
Love is a running  
stream, whose waters  
flow  
Upon the earth, and  
who would drink thereof  
Must bend him earth-  
wards.  
There was such an one

An Unwritten  
Tragedy.

Who lay upon his belly in the mire  
And was not ashamed. Because he deemed it  
well  
That love, which is the strength of weaker  
things,  
Should make of Man a child. And, while he lay  
And summer winds were drowsing in his ears,  
The river of his love went rippling by.

2.

And thus he lived, and thus he might have died,  
Deaf to his fellows' scorn, and held it gain  
To lie a living corse unburied there  
Among the reeds of Time and hidden in  
From the world's stare. But fate was watching  
him  
With envious eyes; and he had merited  
In truth much retribution at her hand.  
Alas that I should have such spite to tell.  
She took her vengeance at the fountain-head.  
And made a desolation in the land.

3.

And how he dreamed and half outwitted Fate,  
Because his mind was single in his love;  
And how she took the pitiless winds in pay  
And set a rack of clouds upon their back;  
And how, because she could not master him,  
She turned the waters of his love away;  
And how that man arose up from his lair,  
Foul with the ooze and with a beard grown grey



Through his long shame; and how he turned  
and fled  
From the sun's face to dwell among the tombs,

An Unwritten  
Tragedy.

4.

I would relate. And, if in simple words  
How some have learned the nakedness of truth,  
The carelessness of God, Man's cruelty  
And their own folly, it would be a tale  
To chill the lust of youth and bend the knees  
Of Manhood's pride before the strength of Fate,  
Which conquers all: And this I think would be  
The sum of human tragedy on Earth.  
But who am I to stay the wings of Death  
And pluck a feather out and write such things?

REQUIESCIT.

Requiescit.



CANNOT tell his  
story. He was one  
To whom the riddle  
of our human life  
Was strangely put,  
and who, because of  
that  
And that he could not  
read it, died.

**BUT** a short hour  
Before he passed, the woman who stood by,

**Requiescit.** Weeping as once she had wept to see him born,  
Tired with her watching, looked into his face  
And saw the heavy eyelids dropping down,  
Loaded with sleep. And she, for all her tears,  
Bent for the hundredth time to ease his bed.  
And, as she almost touched him, smoothing out  
The ruffled pillows, close into her ear  
He whispered, never lifting up his eyes:  
"No matter now. I shall be soon asleep."  
And then, as if he would pursue the thought  
A little way as once he loved to do,  
And yet too weak to catch it, he went on:  
"And what a trouble it has been to keep  
"This pillow smooth! And in a little while  
"It will not want another touch; and then:  
"This aching head of mine will have done with  
thought.  
"Thought! Thought!" But loud the aged  
woman sobbed,  
"Poor soul; poor gentleman."

**SO** they remained  
For a brief space, the good wife standing there  
Knotting her wrinkled hands, and he hard by  
Upon the bed and breathing heavily.  
For he seemed sunk again in that dull trance  
Through which men often pass away from life,  
When death, as the lion does, has shaken his  
prey  
And he lies numb and dumb and powerless.



**SHE** listened. He was telling slowly over **Requiescit.**  
The names of those whom he had loved in  
youth.

Many were strange to her; and then there came  
One she knew well. She started at the sound  
She had not heard for years, and bending near  
Heard him repeat it twice. She whispered  
hoarsely:

"Have you no word for her?" Yet stopped  
again

Because his eyes were open. Doubtingly  
They wandered to her own and seemed to say  
"Who, and what is it that you ask?" And she  
Spoke it again. He seemed to catch the name  
And said it after her, but like a child  
Which knows not what it speaks; and after-  
wards:

"Ah! Bridget, I have quite forgot that story,

"And now, in half an hour, it is not long,

"I shall have clean forgotten the name too."

She cried, "Oh, Sir! it is a life too late.

"Would God, you had forgot it long ago!"

**THE** tears stole slowly down her withered  
cheeks

And fell upon his hands. She did not move  
While he went murmuring on: "'Tis very well  
"Thus to forget. And what a wonder too  
"It now is" (and there came a sudden light  
Into his eyes) "that one should ever care

**Requiescit.** "To recollect a single day of life.  
"I used to think and plan and plot and scheme  
"How I might build my life in such a way  
"That I should take fine memories to my grave.  
"And now what a small matter 'tis to know  
"How the years went: when death in half an  
hour  
"Is all that is left of them! No matter now,  
"But only to sleep sound in any bed  
"And have no dreams."

**HIS** eyes grew dim again  
As he ceased speaking; and the woman knew  
That he was dying. "He is gone," she said.  
And then she started muttering half aloud,  
"They cannot pass without the sacraments,  
"These gentlefolks": and so she hurried out.

**THE** dying man smiled.

**WHEN** they came again  
She whispered in his ear, and looking down  
Saw him still smiling; so she lit in haste  
A candle by the bed and knelt aside.  
They put the holy oils upon his hands,  
Which closed upon the fingers of the priest.  
The priest bent over him and laid his ear  
To the half open mouth and presently,  
Thinking he heard some words, gave absolution.  
But, when they would have gone on with the  
rest,  
They found that he was dead.



**THEY** buried him **Requiescit.**  
With some small pomp to comfort the old dame,  
Who said her master was a gentleman  
And must be followed with a mourning coach  
And mutes and weepers. There was no one else.

**HIS** name is cut upon a stone. His dreams  
Were written on Time's hem; and Time has  
fled  
And taken him and them. The grass is green  
Upon his grave. I cannot doubt he sleeps.

### IN THE NIGHT.

**In the Night.**



**H**ERE art thou, thou  
lost face,  
Which, yet a little  
while, wert making  
mirth  
At these new years  
which seemed too sad  
to be?  
Where art thou fled  
which for a minute's  
space

Shut out the world and wert my world to me?  
And now a corner of this idle Earth,  
A broken shadow by the day forgot,  
Is wide enough to be thy hiding-place,

**In the Night.** And thou art shrunk away and needest not  
The darkness of this night to cover thee.

2.

Where art thou hidden? In the boundless air  
My hands go forth to thee, and search and feel  
As through the universe. I hold the night  
Caught in my arms, and yet thou art not there.  
Where art thou? What if I should strike a light  
So suddenly that thou couldst never steal  
Back to thy shadows? What if I should find  
Thee standing close to me with all thy hair  
Trailing about me and thy eyes grown blind  
With looking at me vainly through the night?

3.

There are three rings upon thy hand to-night,  
One with a sapphire stone, and one there is  
Coiled like a snake, and one on which my name  
Is written in strange gems. By this dim light  
I cannot read if it be writ the same.  
See, I have worn no other ring but this!  
Why dost thou look at it with eyes estranged?  
Is it not thine? Ah, God! thou readest right!  
And it is changed, and thou and I are changed,  
And I have written there another name.

4.

Oh, happiness, how has it slipped away!  
We, who once lived and held it in our hand!  
What is the rest that these new years can bring?



Did we not love it in our love's to-day,  
And pleasure which was so divine a thing,  
The sweetest and most strange to understand?  
And that is why it left regret behind,  
As though a wild bird suddenly should stay  
A moment at our side and we should find  
When we looked up that it had taken wing.

5.

And thou, hast thou forgotten how to love?  
Hast thou no kissing in thy lips? Thy tongue,  
Has it no secret whisper for my ear?  
I have been watching thee to see thee move  
A little closer to my side in fear  
Of the long night. Oh, there is room among  
The pillows for thy head if thou wouldst sleep,  
And thou art cold, and I would wrap my love  
To my warm breast and so my vigil keep,  
And be alone with darkness and with her.

6.

Thou standest with thy hand upon my heart,  
As once thou used to stand, to feel it beat;  
Doth it beat calmer now than in those days?  
Thy foolish finger-tips will leave a smart  
If they so press upon my side. Thy gaze  
Is burning me. Oh, speak a word and cheat  
This darkness into pain, if pain must be,  
And wake me back to sorrow with a start,  
For I am weary of the night and thee,  
And thy strange silence and thy stranger face.

In the Night.

7.

Canst thou not speak? Thy tale was but begun,  
How can I answer thee a tale untold?  
Whisper it quick before the morning break.  
How loud thou weapest! Listen, there is one  
Dreaming beside me who must not awake.  
Close in my ear! Ah, child, thy lips are cold,  
Because thou art forsaken: Misery!  
Is there not room enough beneath the sun  
For her, and thee, and me? . . .

To Hester on  
the Stair.

TO HESTER ON THE STAIR.



HESTER, creature of  
my love,  
What is this? You love  
not me?  
On the stair you stand  
above,  
Looking down dis-  
trustfully  
With the corners of  
your eyes  
Watching me in mute surprise,  
Me, your father, only me.

2.

Hester, why this foolish terror,  
You who know me and my ways?  
Was my love so writ in error



That it needed your disgrace?  
Is your doubt of locks grown thin,  
Or the beard which hides his chin,  
His, your father's chin and face?

To Hester on  
the Stair.

3.

Hester, we were fools of passion  
When our last good-byes were smiled.  
Now you stand in your strange fashion  
By my kisses unbeguiled,  
With your light foot turned to flee  
While I press you to my knee,  
You, my child, my only child.

4.

Listen, Hester, I am able  
Still to flatter and be fond:  
You the wise crow of the fable  
Perched above me and beyond.  
Foolish! Not one word you speak  
To my praises of your cheek,  
Not one sound, one only sound!

5.

Be it so. My love you mock it,  
And my sighs are empty wind.  
See, I shut my heart and lock it  
From your laughing eyes unkind.  
Yet, remember this last word,  
Love is two-edged like a sword.  
Mind this only, only mind.

A Summer  
in Tuscany.

A SUMMER IN TUSCANY.



O you remember,  
Lucy,  
How, in the days  
gone by  
We spent a summer  
together,  
A summer in Tus-  
cany,  
In the chestnut  
woods by the river,

You and the rest and I?

2.

Your house had the largest garden,  
But ours was next to the bridge,  
And we had a mulberry alley  
Which sloped to the water's edge.  
You were always talking and laughing  
On your side of the hedge.

3.

How many sisters and brothers,  
Lucy, then did you own?  
Harriet and Francis and Horace,  
And Phyllis, a flower half-blown.  
I liked you more than the others,  
For you had the longest gown.

4.

What has become of the laughter?  
What of the mulberry-trees?



Is there no record in heaven,  
No echo of days like these?  
Francis is married and happy  
And Horace beyond the seas.

A Summer  
in Tuscany.

5.

Phyllis was first to desert us,  
She had no soul for the Earth  
But lingered a guest impatient  
Alike of our sorrow and mirth.  
Death's step to her on the threshold  
Seemed news of a glorious birth.

6.

Harriet, whose eyes were the brightest,  
The fullest of innocent guile,  
Has hidden her joy and our sorrow  
Under a Carmelite veil.  
They call her the "mother abbess."  
She hardly remembers to smile.

7.

Do you remember the ponies  
We used to ride on the hill,  
Every knee of them broken,  
Every back like a quill,  
Cesare, Capitano,  
Milor and Jack and Jill?

8.

High o'er the plains and the valleys,  
Wherever our leader led,

**A Summer  
in Tuscany.**

We two, closest of allies,  
Were with him still in his tread,  
Sworn to be first on his footsteps,  
To serve him alive or dead.

9.

Dead: ah, dead! Who could think it?  
The laughter so strong on his lips  
Had seemed an elixir of living.  
Where now are his jibes and his quips?  
The fair paradoxes he flung us?  
The fire of him? Lost in eclipse!

10.

All are scattered and vanished,  
Laughter and smiles and tears,  
Gone with the dust on the sandals  
Which cling to the feet of the years.  
Time has no time to remember,  
And fortune no face for our fears.

11.

Do you remember, Lucy,  
The day which, too soon, had come,  
The first sad day of the Autumn,  
The last of our summer home,  
The day of my journey to England,  
And yours to your convent at Rome?

12.

We rose with the dawn that morning,  
(The others were hardly awake)



And took our walk by the river.  
Lucy, did your heart ache?  
Or was it the chill of the sunrise  
That made you shiver and shake?

A Summer  
in Tuscany.

13.

Lucy, the dog-rose you gave me  
Still lies in its secret place.  
Lucy, the tears, my fool's answer,  
Have left on my cheeks a trace.  
The kiss you gave me at parting  
I yet can feel on my face.

14.

These are the things I remember.  
These are the things that I grieve,  
The joys that are scattered and vanished,  
The friends I am loath to leave.  
I grudge them to death and silence  
And age which is death's reprieve.

15.

Vanished, forgotten and scattered,  
All but you, Lucy, and I,  
Who cling some moments together  
Till Time shall have hurried us by:  
A moment and yet a moment,  
Till we too forget and die!

Song. If we  
had met.

4.  
Too late! Too sad! A year ago,  
Even then perhaps, in spite of fate,  
It might have been, but, ah, not now,  
I dare not love you, 'tis too late.

Song. If I had  
known you.

SONG. IF I HAD KNOWN YOU.



F I had known you:  
oh, if I had known  
you:

In other days when  
youth and love were  
strong,  
I would have raised a  
temple to enthrone you  
On some fair pinnacle  
of cloudless song.

2.  
If you had touched me then with your dear  
laughter,  
As now its echo smites me in my grief,  
I would have given my soul to you, and after  
Lived in my love, grown old in my belief.

3.  
If you had loved me: oh, you would have loved  
me:  
Earth would have worshipped us, its seers  
sublime,  
My song had been a psalm, and Saints had  
proved me  
Prophet and priest, your poet for all time.



## SONG. BUTTERFLIES.



CHILD of Joy! what  
idle life is thine!

Thou, in these mea-  
dows, while thy skies  
are blue,

And while thy joys  
are new to thee like  
wine,

Chasest mad butter-  
flies as children do.

And, lo, thou turnest from them to repine,  
Because it was not love thou didst pursue.

Song.  
Butterflies,  
from words  
by M. B.

2.

O Child of Hope! thou sighest thy sad sighs,  
Mourning for that which is not nor can be.  
Where is the noon can match with thy sunrise?  
Whose is the heart shall win thy constancy?  
Thou, with thy foolish loves, mad butterflies,  
What dost thou ask of my sad heart and me?

3.

O Child of Love! begotten for man's bliss!  
O Child of Pleasure! nursed for thy own pain!  
Needs must I weep the day of thy distress,  
The fate that brushes at thy arm in vain,  
Thy skies of blue, thy broken happiness,  
The hopes thou chasest never to attain.

Song. Not a  
word.

## SONG. NOT A WORD.



LOVE, my heart is faint  
with waiting,  
Faint with hope and  
joy deferred,  
All night long at this  
sad grating,  
Sleepless like a  
prisoned bird.  
Singing low,  
Singing slow,

Come, ah! come, love. Not a word!

2.

Love, in vain for thee this token  
Did I tie, poor silken cord,  
To my window. See, 'tis broken  
And the strands fly heavenward.  
All are free,  
All but me,  
Come, ah! come, love. Not a word!

3.

Lo, the first sad streak of morning  
Cleaves the heaven like a sword;  
Love, too late I hear the warning  
Of thy footstep on the sward.  
Yet, ah! yet,  
Though 'tis late,  
Come; but mind, love, not a word!



SONG. YOU HAVE LET THE  
BEAUTY OF THE DAY GO OVER.



YOU have let the  
beauty of the day  
go over,  
You have let the glory  
of the noon go by.  
Clouds from the West  
have gathered close  
and cover  
All but a remnant now  
of our proud sky.

Song. You  
have let the  
beauty of the  
day go over.

2.

Dumbly the rain beats on our darkened faces.  
Hushed are the woods. Alas, for us no bird  
Shall sing to-day of pleasure in green places,  
No touch shall thrill, no soul of leaves bestirred.

3.

Why did we wait? What faith was ours in  
fortune?  
What was our pride that fate should kneel to us?  
Oh, we were fools. Love loves not to importune,  
And he is silent here in this sad house.

4.

Alas, dear love, the day for us is ended,  
The pleasure of green fields, of streams, of skies;  
One hour remains, one only of joy blended  
With coming night; ah! seize it ere it flies.

Song. You  
have let the  
beauty of the  
day go over.

5.

Draw fast the curtains. Close the door on  
sorrow,  
Shut out the dusk, it only makes us grieve;  
Here we may live a life, and then, to-morrow,  
If fate still wills it, we may take our leave.

A Dream.

A DREAM.



DREAMED

A dream of you,  
Not as you seemed  
When you were late  
unkind,  
And blind  
To my eyes pleading  
for a debt long due,  
But touched and true  
And all inclined

To tenderest fancies on love's inmost theme.  
How sweet you were to me, and, ah, how kind  
In that dear dream!

2.

I felt  
Your lips on mine  
Mingle and melt,  
And your cheek touch my cheek.  
I, weak  
With vain desires and askings for a sign



Of love divine,  
Found my grief break,  
And wept and wept in an unending stream  
Of sudden joy set free, yet could not speak,  
Dumb in my dream.

A Dream.

3.

I knew  
You loved me then,  
And I knew too  
The bliss of souls in Heaven  
New-shriven,  
Who look with pity on still sinning men,  
And turn again  
To be forgiven  
In the dear arms of their God holding them,  
And spend themselves in praise from morn  
till even,  
Nor break their dream.

4.

I woke  
In my mid bliss  
At midnight's stroke,  
And knew you lost and gone.  
Forlorn  
I called you back to my unfinished kiss,  
But only this,  
One word of scorn,  
You answered me: "'Twas better loved to seem  
"Than loved to be," since all love is forsworn,  
Always a dream.

Love after  
Sorrow.

## LOVE AFTER SORROW.



BEHOLD, this hour I  
love, as in the glory  
of morn.

I too, the accursed  
one, whom griefs  
pursue

Like phantoms  
through a land of  
deaths forlorn,  
Have felt my heart

leap up with courage new.

2.

Behold, I love. The tragedy of hate's derision  
Has like a storm-cloud vanished and is done;  
High in its path my hope has burst its prison,  
And stands transfigured, a resplendent sun.

3.

Where are the ghosts of sorrow that beset my  
road,  
The foes that mocked, the fools that fled from  
me?  
Peace be their portion, all who sought my blood;  
I care not for fear's bondage, who am free.

4.

O days of youth renewed! Love's voice, a  
singing bird's,  
Thrills me to tears more sweet than laughter  
are:



His silence god-like speaks to me in words  
Dearer than minstrelsy in lands afar.

Love after  
Sorrow.

5.

These halls, erewhile of pride, my sorrow's  
palaces,  
Are decked for joy, and with high pomps and  
shows  
Proclaim his lordship of all life that is  
In passionate echoes of remembered vows.

6.

The gardens are grown thick once more with  
scent of flowers,  
Moss-roses by the wall, sweet lavenders,  
Larkspurs, red lilies: who shall tell what dowers  
Of musks and mallows golden shall be hers?

7.

Hers? Whose? Oh, if a tongue should tell of  
dreams unwise,  
And love might blazon love to ears abroad,  
How would I speak! But let this word suffice,  
That to my lips one name leaps like a sword;

8.

And that I live once more and love all sentient  
things,  
The spirit of the Earth, and the Sun's fire,  
And the night's silence and hushed wanderings,  
And her who is the soul of my desire.

The Soul's  
Mutiny.

THE SOUL'S MUTINY.



SAW a galley pass-  
ing to the West,  
Its silken sails aglow  
as if with blood,  
When the red sun  
dropped down into his  
nest,  
And hurled his level  
spears across the flood,  
And at its prow a

mighty woman stood  
With braided locks of blackest ebony,  
While from the thick-fringed eyes her haughty  
mood  
Flashed forth in all disdainful majesty.

2.

For she was tall and vested like a queen,  
And from her shoulders in imperial fold  
A striped tunic, wrought of black and green  
With strange device of dragons manifold,  
Fell to her waist and rippled o'er with gold,  
Where caught up in a girdle loosely bound,  
Then freely down in potent masses rolled  
And clung about her feet and clasped the  
ground.

3.

And ever and anon, with gracious smile  
Lighting the royal sculpture of her face,



She gave commands. And each his joyful toil  
Plied at her word, and with redoubled grace  
Bent to his oar, and working still in place  
Did all her bidding. And the ship moved on  
As one which, waged in a mighty race,  
Sailed surely to the front and surely won.

The Soul's  
Mutiny.

4.

And next I saw a slender child who seemed  
Sprung from the river gods' unearthly dew,  
And in his face the light of wisdom gleamed  
And round about in flashing circles flew.  
And he arose and whispered to the few  
Who sat beside him, and to each in turn  
He told his counsel thus to all the crew  
In honied words which I had wished to learn.

5.

And at his voice each rower dropped his oar,  
And the sail flapped unguided on the mast,  
And discord rose, the while upon the shore  
Drifted the galley down the current fast.  
And she who stood upon the prow had cast  
Her angry words upon the storm in vain,  
Though her deep tones came pealing down  
the blast  
As though the heavens should be rent in twain.

6.

And then I marked her, when she first espied  
The fair child which had made this harm to be.

**The Soul's  
Mutiny.**

There was great wonder mingled with her  
pride,  
That one so tenderly designed as he  
Should dare dispute with her old mastery.  
And yet nor anger nor proud looks might quell  
The fearless eyes which smiled out mutiny,  
Till her own heart seemed stricken with the  
spell,

7.

With wonderment fast quickening to dismay,  
And a dull rage which smouldered 'neath her  
brows,  
And then rage, wonder, pride did fade away  
Before the cruel thought which lastly rose  
From out her mad heart with colossal throes,  
A thought so heavy-black that I did guess  
It came full-freighted with the immortal woes  
Of an old god dethroned and heavenless.

8.

For, sudden, with a shout, her arms she threw  
High o'er her head, a torch in either hand,  
And round the ship the flames triumphant flew,  
The shrivelling sails fell low, while still she  
fanned  
With tempest voice the leaping fire which  
spanned  
The sinking galley with an arch of flame.  
I heard her thunder forth her last command  
And bid the traitors perish in their shame.



9.

The Soul's  
Mutiny.

The ship went down, and a sad cry arose,  
 Stifled with smoke and rushing waters in.  
 The silent stream, as heedless of men's woes,  
 Went on its way as they had never been.  
 The brave ship rots upon the ooze, I ween,  
 And naked limbs lie stark upon the shore,  
 Long ripples lap that angry-hearted queen,  
 And wash those mutinous eyes for evermore.

## SONG. THINK NO MORE OF ME.

Song. Think  
no more of  
me.

THINK no more of  
 me,  
 If we needs must part  
 Mine was but a heart.  
 Think no more of me.  
 Think no more of me.  
 For love's sake forget,  
 Love grows hard  
 which cannot see,  
 It may wound us yet.

2.

Think no more of me,  
 Love has had his day,  
 Now love runs away.  
 Think no more of me.  
 Think no more of me.  
 If we loved or not  
 Hidden is 'twixt me and thee,  
 It were best forgot.

Song. Think  
no more of  
me.

3.

Think no more of me,  
We shall need our tears  
For the coming years.  
Think no more of me.  
Think no more of me.  
In the world above  
Sadder far it were if we  
Met and did not love.

Song.  
Come with  
the Summer  
leaves. In  
part from the  
Italian.

### SONG. COME WITH THE SUM- MER LEAVES.



COME with the sum-  
mer leaves, love, to  
my grave,  
And, if you doubt  
among the quiet dead,  
Choose out that  
mound where  
greenest grasses wave,  
And where the  
flowers blow thickest  
and most red.

2.

Come in the morning while the dews of night,  
Which are fair Nature's tears in darkness shed,  
Rim the sad petals nor are garnered quite,  
Like my lost hopes untimely harvested.



3.  
Come to my grave, ah, gather, love, those  
flowers:  
Out of my heart they grow for your dear head;  
These are its songs unwritten and all yours,  
The love I loved you with and left unsaid.

Song.  
Come with  
the Summer  
leaves.

## THE EVICTION.



NRULY tenant of  
my heart,  
Full fain would  
I be quit of  
thee,  
I've played too long  
a losing part,  
Thou bringest me  
neither gold nor fee.

The Eviction  
from words  
by A. G.

2.  
'Tis time thou shouldst thy holding yield,  
Thy will and mine no longer meet,  
With cockle hast thou sowed my field,  
With squanderings all the public street.

3.  
Thy presence doth disturb my pride,  
Let me be owner of my own,  
I fling thee with thy goods outside,  
And bar re-entry with a stone.

## The Eviction

4.

Begone and hide thee from my face,  
I will not see thee chiding there;  
Away, to live in my disgrace!  
Away, to die in thy despair!

5.

O impotence of human wit!  
The law is mine, the fault in thee,  
And yet in vain I serve the writ,  
In vain I scourge thee with decree.

6.

For, lo, in stillness of the night,  
O'erturning stone and guard and door,  
Thou art come with thy lost tenant right  
And hast possession as before.

Good-bye.

GOOD-BYE.



TOOLS! must we ever  
quarrel with our fate?  
Too late  
Reading the worth of  
what we did despise,  
And wise  
At the journey's end  
to weep it scarce begun  
When done.



2.

Good-bye.

No more! 'Tis ever the same story told  
As of old.  
Children, we used to wish our childhood past:  
At last  
It ended, as this journey ends, and we  
Are free.

3.

Shall we lament? It were an idle tale  
To wail.  
Can we be wise? Oh, wisdom comes too late,  
And fate  
Answers our wicked prayer for liberty:  
"Good-bye."

# WRITTEN AT SEA.

Written at  
Sea.



HAT is my quarrel  
with thee, beautiful  
sea,  
That thus I cannot  
love thy waves or  
thee,  
Or hear thy voice  
but it tormenteth  
me?

2.

Why do I hate thee, who art beautiful  
Beyond all beauty, when the nights are cool,  
And the stars fade because the moon is full?

Written at  
Sea.

3.

Why do I hate thee? Thou art new and young,  
And life is thine for loving, and thy tongue  
Hath tones that I have known and loved and  
sung.

4.

Thou hast a smile which would my smiling  
greet;  
Thy brave heart beateth as my own doth beat,  
And thou hast tears which should be true and  
sweet.

5.

Thou art a creature, strong and fair and brave,  
Such as I might have given the world to have  
And love and cherish: and thou art my slave.

6.

I have my home in thee. Thy arms enfold  
Me all night long, and I am rocked and rolled,  
And thou art never weary of thy hold.

7.

Thou art a woman in thy constancy,  
And worthy better love than mine could be;  
And yet, behold, I cannot suffer thee.

8.

If thou wert dumb: if thou wert like the sky,  
Which has not learned to speak our misery  
In any voice less rude than the wind's cry;



9.

If thou wert wholly young and didst not know  
The secret of our ancient human woe,  
Or if thou knewest it wholly as I know;

10.

Or yet if thou wert old with all these years;  
If thou wert dull to hopes and loves and fears;  
If thou wert blind and couldst not see our tears;

11.

If thou wert bounded by some rocky shore,  
And hadst not given thyself thus wholly o'er  
To our poor single selves with all thy store;

12.

If thou wert not in thy immensity,  
A single circle circling with the sky,  
Where we must still be centres changelessly;

13.

If thou wert other than thou art; alas,  
If thou wert not of water, but a mass  
Of formless earth, a waveless plain of grass;

14.

If thou wert shapeless as the mountains are;  
If thou wert clad in some discordant wear;  
If thou wert not so blue and trim and fair;

15.

If thou wert decked with towns and villages;  
If there were heard across the silent seas  
The music of church bells upon the breeze;

Written at  
Sea.

16.

If thou wert this; or if thou wert not near,  
But I could only sit apart and hear  
The beating of thy waves, and find it drear,

17.

But wild and quite unknown, and far from me:  
Sea, if thou couldst no longer be the sea,  
Then I could love thee as thou lovest me.

18.

If thou wouldst have me love thee, beautiful sea,  
Build up a wall of dark 'twixt thee and me:  
Let me not see thee: call the night to thee.

19.

League with the winds: rise up, and send them  
driven  
To roll mad clouds about thy back at even:  
Make thee a desolation of the heaven.

20.

Thou shouldst compel me with thy angry voice  
To choose 'twixt death and thee, and, at the  
choice,  
If my cheek grew not pale, thou might'st rejoice,

21.

And I might love thee, oh, thou monstrous sea;  
But now I cannot love thy waves or thee,  
Or bear thy beauty in my misery.



A DAY IN THE CASTLE OF ENVY. *A Day in  
the Castle  
of Envy.*



HE castle walls are  
full of eyes,  
And not a mouse may  
creep unseen,  
All the window-slits  
are spies,  
And the towers stand  
sentinel  
High above the gar-  
dens green.

Not a lizard lurking close  
In the brambles of the dell;  
Not a beetle as he goes,  
Toiling in the dust, may tell  
The least secret of his woes  
To the idle butterflies;  
Not a privet moth may flit  
But the castle looketh wise,  
But the old king knoweth it.

2.

All day long the garden gates  
Open stand for who will in,  
For the old king loveth well  
The reek of human loves and hates.  
Most of all he loveth sin,  
All that sendeth souls to hell,  
All that hath the earthy smell  
Of a joy that soon shall die.

**A Day in  
the Castle  
of Envy.**

And he sitteth there and saith  
"Every creature that hath breath  
Goeth with the taint of death."

3.

There he waiteth overhead,  
Spieth out what he may spy,  
Like an evil-omened gled.  
From the morning till the night  
There is nothing which doth move,  
There is nothing which can lie  
Still and hidden out of sight,  
But he seeth it above,  
But he feeleth all the pleasure  
Of its basking in the sun.  
And his wisdom taketh measure  
Of the sorrow which shall come  
When the summer days are done.  
Life and love are quickly run.  
So he watcheth silently,  
Waiting till the end shall be.

4.

There he sitteth at the dawn  
When the world begins to rouse;  
And the daisies on the lawn  
Open wide their stainless eyes;  
Then he feeleth as in pain  
For the wrinkles on his brows.  
He doth envy the sunrise,



That it maketh all things gay;  
And his jealous ear hath heard  
The first piping of a bird;  
And he curseth at the day,  
But his curses are in vain,  
For the world grows young again.

A Day in  
the Castle  
of Envy.

5.  
From the shadow of the rocks,  
Stealing out and stealing in,  
Creeps the hungry foot-pad fox  
On the wild fowls nestled close.  
Then a weirdly smile and thin  
Curleth on his lip and nose,  
As the red beast winds the flocks.  
And there is an evil mirth,  
In the glitter of his eye,  
For the sun hath warmed the earth,  
And he seeth something stir  
In the grass and then awake,  
Turn and stretch her stealthily;  
And he hisseth at the snake,  
As the heat unfoldeth her.

6.  
There he bideth through the noon,  
While the pine tops clash together,  
Till deep silence, like a tune,  
Wrappeth all the earth and air;  
And the old king dreamily  
Noddeth his great heron feather

**A Day in  
the Castle  
of Envy.**

As he sitteth in his chair.  
For sleep cometh upon all,  
Rock and castle, flower and tree,  
And the turrets wave and quiver;  
And the battlemented wall  
Bendeth in the haze of noon,  
And the fir-cones one by one,  
Split like thunder in the heat;  
And the old king hearing it,  
Saith, "It is the angry sun."

**7.**

But as noontide slowly wears  
From the pastures underneath,  
Solemn ravens cross in pairs,  
Drop a hollow croak and pass,  
Which the king, who listeneth,  
Readeth for the name of Death;  
And he mocketh at the sound,  
Croaketh back a croak as hoarse,  
For he knoweth they are bound  
To the dell where, on the grass,  
There is that which was a corse.

**8.**

Suddenly a merry noise  
In the garden makes him glad,  
For he knoweth well what joys  
Noise and merriment shall bring;  
They are children come to tread  
The young daisies on the head;



And he loveth well their play,  
For they take the butterflies  
And they tear them wing from wing;  
And the old king looketh wise  
At the footstep on the bed,  
And the broken myrtle spray;  
And he readeth all the lies  
Which their innocence shall tell.  
Well it pleaseth him such eyes  
Should have learned the speech of hell.

9.

But at evening, lovers walk  
Underneath the ilex trees,  
And the king hath heard their talk,  
And the vows which they have spoken,  
And he knoweth too the tale  
Of the vows which they have broken;  
And the name and history,  
And the secret which doth lie  
Underneath their smiling pale;  
And the hidden tale of sorrow  
Of the maiden as she goes,  
And the pleasures she doth borrow,  
That her grief may learn to die.  
And he laugheth at her woes  
As his red eye reads the scrawl  
Love once wrote upon the wall:  
Love grown cold, whose tasting is  
Like the memory of a kiss.

A Day in  
the Castle  
of Envy.

10.

Thus he sitteth till the sun  
Sendeth out long shadows slant,  
Till the fish-tanks down beneath  
Hidden lie in vapour dun;  
And the castle rising gaunt  
Slowly stretcheth out its limbs  
Like a drowsy-headed Hun.  
But when all is deep in shade,  
And the broad sun on the sea  
Lieth on his flaming bed,  
Twisteth, writheth in agony,  
Like a wizard fiery-clad,  
Tortured and about to die,  
Then the old king goeth mad.

11.

And he curseth loud thereat:  
Curseth at the setting sun;  
Curseth at the coming night;  
Curseth at the flitting bat,  
And the stars which cannot see;  
Curseth at the pale moonrise,  
And her solemn mockery  
Of a daylight which is done;  
Thinketh, though he should curse the skies  
Every hour till night is gone,  
Naught his curses may devise  
For the pale moon's sorceries,



Or the darkness which shall be.  
This the thought which tortureth him,  
That, for all he watcheth close,  
Though his eyes be bright alway,  
And for all that he is king:  
All the knowledge of all he knows  
Telleth not what night may bring,  
Telleth not what steps may stray.

A Day in  
the Castle  
of Envy.

12.

Then he sendeth forth a scout,  
Biddeth shut the garden gate;  
And there is a sudden rout  
Of the children and the lovers  
Whom the warder's eye discovers  
In the twilight lurking late:  
Lovers who are loath to part;  
But their prayers avail them not,  
And the maiden's witching pout  
Cannot melt the warder's heart;  
Straightway he hath turned them out.  
For along the castle wall  
Go the archers stout and tall;  
And the king, who sitteth still  
In the darkness of the tower,  
Waiteth till the seneschal,  
With his stalwart serving-men,  
Bear him out against his will  
In his chair, while curses shower.

A Day in  
the Castle  
of Envy.

13.

To the banquet he is borne,  
While the cracked bell tolleth slow,  
And the king doth beat his breast  
Slowly to that chime forlorn;  
Beateth on his beard of snow,  
First in anger then in jest,  
First in mirth and then in scorn;  
Singeth low, "Ring bravely, bell,  
"For thy voice is loud and dry;  
"Such a tongue as thine is good  
"To out-talk the chimes of hell.  
"Laugh we bravely, thou and I;  
"While the world is in laughing mood.  
"We may live to laugh its knell."

A Ballad of  
the heather.

A BALLAD OF THE HEATHER.



All spent a day to-  
gether,  
One day of all our  
lives,  
Of love in cloudless  
weather:  
Such only youth  
contrives:  
One day in the red  
heather,

Alone with our two lives.



A Ballad of  
the heather.

2.

The tall grey rocks were near us,  
The birch trees lent us shade,  
The moor-fowl did not fear us,  
Nor was the fox afraid;  
No other life was near us  
Of matron, man, or maid.

3.

The glory of the morning  
Had made our pulses beat,  
The dangers we were scorning,  
The pleadings of retreat,  
Her mother's eyes of warning,  
The foes that we might meet.

4.

Earth's silence was our token,  
The sunlight on the hill;  
She spoke of things unspoken,  
We stopped and gazed our fill;  
The stillness was not broken,  
Save thus at our own will.

5.

We sat down by the water,  
A green and quiet place,  
She ate what I had brought her  
When she had said her grace;  
She was Eve's fairest daughter,  
I kneeled and kissed her face.

A Ballad of  
the heather.

6.

O, love, what deeds thou darest  
When truth is on thy lips!  
What royal robes thou wearest!  
What wealth is in thy ships!  
What glories thou declarest  
With thy mad finger-tips!

7.

We called on the high heaven  
In witness of our troth,  
From morning until even,  
While time was little loath  
To give and be forgiven  
The dear love in us both.

8.

Aloft the raven scouting  
Gave warning to the glen;  
We heard a sound of shouting,  
The tramp of angry men;  
No time was there for doubting,  
And I was one to ten.

9.

I hid her in the braken,  
A brood-bird on its nest;  
She wept as one forsaken  
And held me to her breast;  
We dared not thus be taken.  
I fled, for it was best.



10.

They passed her by unheeded;  
They hunted me in sight;  
I lured them while she needed,  
A lapwing feigning flight;  
Then o'er the hills I speeded  
And left them to the night.

A Ballad of  
the heather.

11.

Alas, dear love, together  
No more in all our lives  
Shall we in cloudless weather,  
Outwitting maids and wives,  
Take joy of the red heather  
And love and our two lives.

# ON THE WAY TO CHURCH.

On the way  
to Church.



HERE is one I know.  
I see her sometimes  
pass  
In the morning streets  
upon her way to mass:  
A calm sweet woman  
with unearthly eyes.  
Men turn to look at  
her, but ever stop,  
Reading in those blue

depths the death of hope  
And a wise chastisement for thoughts unwise.

On the way  
to Church.

2.

Pure is her brow as of a marble Saint,  
Her brown hair pencils it with ripples faint.  
There is no shadow on it and no light.  
Her cheeks are pale like lilies in eclipse.  
Hardly a little redness on her lips  
Paints the sad smile where all the rest is white.

3.

Tall is she and bent forward like a reed  
Which the wind toys with as she walks with  
speed:  
Girl-like her limbs and virginal her waist.  
Of the world's wonders there is none so sweet  
As this, the summer lightning of her feet,  
Speeding her onward like a fawn in haste.

4.

What is her secret? All the world has tried  
To guess it. One I knew in guessing died  
And was no wiser for his mortal pain.  
Each has turned sadder from the thankless  
quest,  
And gone back silent, even if he guessed,  
Knowing all answer would be counted vain.

5.

I knew her once. I know her not to-day.  
Our eyes meet sometimes, but hers turn away  
Quicker from mine than from the rest that look.  
Her pale cheek quivers, a flush comes and goes,  
As in the presence of a soul that knows,  
And her hands tighten on her missal book.



Men have done evil yet have won to Heaven,  
Lived in blood, guiltiness yet died forgiven.  
May I not, I too, one day win my grace?  
Ah, no! The sacrilege of this worst sin  
Outweighs all grace. I dare not enter in  
Nor kneel, God's robber, near that angel face.

## GIACINTA.

Giacinta.



IACINTA sat upon  
the garden wall  
Among the autumn  
lilies, and let fall  
Their crimson petals  
on her lover's head,  
And laughed because  
her little hands were  
red.  
She was the fairest

child of Italy,  
And it was well the lilies thus should die.

**BUT** Giulio shuddered when she made him  
kiss

The stains away in her pride's wantonness,  
And held them up between him and the sun  
That he might see the red blood flame and run  
In the long finger-clefts from root to tip,  
And still she pressed them closer to his lip,

**Giacinta.** And still she laughed. But Giulio looked at her,  
And it was half in love and half in fear.

**AND**, when she saw him tremble, childishly  
She laid both hands in his, and with a sigh  
Told him to pity them. And he in vain  
Hid them in his and would have hid his pain,  
And tried to speak but could not for the weight  
Upon his breast. And so the lovers sat  
In a hard silence, while Giacinta's laugh  
Rang in his ears like the discordant half  
Of some fair carol from a tavern flung,  
She watching him above, the flowers among,  
First with her smile and then with a hurt pride  
Kindling to wrath. And "fool," at last she cried,  
"You think, because this hand of mine is white  
"And smooth to touch and wise in love's de-  
light,  
"It had not dared to dabble in such red,  
"The blood, of these dead flowers, for dead is  
dead.  
"And you sit dumb and tremble and turn pale  
"Because I laugh to see the lilies fall.  
"Why not laugh with me, since you have the  
heart  
"To say you love me in my tragic part?  
"Think you that blood can make a hand less  
white,  
"Or all the ink of heaven blot out to-night  
"The innocent stars, or kisses steal away  
"The sweetness of red lips, or memory



"Drive laughter from the world? The moon grows wan

Giacinta.

"And wastes and fades and shrivels to a span,

"Yet men watch on beyond the hills at even,

"And lo there is a new moon in the heaven!

"Look in my eyes: Are they less pure or keen

"For all the passion which their depths have seen?

"Is there a stain upon my brows? My cheek,

"Is it less fair for what it dares not speak?

"Oh, Simon's blood was not so red a thing

"But it has left my face its colouring.

"Or think you, drops from any vein of his

"Could make my fingers blush as deep as this?"

**AND** Giulio's courage sickened when he heard Giacinta suddenly speak out this word.

She was the fairest child of Italy,

But Giulio thought it had been well to die.

**"YET**, had it left me pale," she said, "I know

"It had been all as one to Giulio

"To love a pale face. You will love me yet

"Though I have told you how my hands are wet,

"And when I hold them out to you to kiss

"Your lips will burn to drink away the lees.

"Oh, lovers, lovers! Wherefore will you preach

"When women laugh at what you dare to teach

"Of truth and honour? Is there one of you,

Giacinta?

"One honourable friend, one bosom true,  
"That will not sell his virtue for a kiss,  
"Though the mouth that gave it were a nest of  
lies,  
"And will not sooth his soul with the deceit  
"Which swears a rose is not a whit less sweet  
"Because an angry bee was in its cell  
"An hour ago? Oh, lovers reason well:  
"So take the flower and deign forget the bee.  
"But, Giulio, do not bid me stop and see  
"How beautiful a thing your virtue is,  
"And do not cry to the unheeding skies,  
"Did I not love her?' See, I hate your love  
"More than I hate yourself."

AND Giulio strove  
With his weak heart and could not bear the  
pain,  
And so he took Giacinta's hand again,  
Without more word. But she in softened mood  
Looked at the boy her beauty had subdued,  
And said "Poor Giulio. I have never shewn  
"Much hate to you, and this you needs must  
own.  
"Only beware of loving me.'Tis strange  
"That men are wise, yet cannot take the range  
"Of a silly woman's mind, but still devise  
"Of their fool's love, as if it were the prize  
"For which a woman might forget the cost  
"Of her undoing and a world well lost,



"And cannot see that love is only this,  
"A pretty word to whisper in a kiss,  
"As when one says, 'God bless you' with  
'Good-night.'  
"But Giulio, who would ever suffer it  
"A man should always have the name of God  
"Upon his lips?"

Giacinta.

**HER** lover only trod  
The lilies with his heel. At last he sighed,  
"And Simon loved you, and for this he died?"

**THEY** sat till dusk upon the garden wall,  
And she began to sing a madrigal  
About the falling leaves, and quite forgot  
To answer him. But Giulio heeded not  
Because he held her hand. He could not flee.  
She was the fairest child of Italy.

## THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

The Wanderer's Return.



New old heart's mourning  
is a hideous thing,  
And weeds upon an  
aged weeper cling  
Like night upon a  
grave. The city there,  
Gaunt as a woman  
who has once been fair,  
Lay black with win-  
ter, and the silent rain

**The Wander-  
er's Return.**

Fell thro' the heavens darkly, like a stain  
Upon her face. The dusky houses rose,  
Unlovely shapes laid naked on the ooze,  
Grimed with long sooty tears. The night fell  
down  
And gathered all the highways in its frown:  
This was my home.

**I SAW** men pass and pass  
Nor stop to look into a neighbour's face;  
I dared not look in theirs because my eyes  
Were faint and travel-jarred and would not  
rise  
From the dull earth, and hunger made them  
dim,  
The hunger of a seven years' angry dream  
Of love and peace and home unsatisfied;  
And now my heart, thus grievously denied,  
Rose, like a caged bird in the nesting time,  
Who beats against the bars that prison him,  
In all its greenness of youth's wounds and pain,  
And would not cease till these should bleed  
again.

**FOR** I had gone a hunter through the  
world,  
And set my tent in every land and hurled  
My spears at life because my joys were dead,  
And many a fair field of the Earth was red  
Where I had passed, and many a wind might  
tell



Of stricken souls which to my arrows fell.  
I would not stop to listen to their cries,  
But went my way and thought that I was wise.

**The Wanderer's Return.**

**A WANDERER'S** life, whether his lone  
chase be man  
Or only those poor outlaws under ban,  
The creatures of the field his hand destroys  
Through rage of wantonness or need of noise,  
Is the fierce solace of its anger given  
To a hurt soul which dares not turn to heaven.  
With me it was a vengeance of love lost,  
A refuge proved for passions tempest-tossed,  
An unguent for despairs that could not kill.  
I wandered in the desert and the hill,  
Seeking dry places, and behold my grief  
Fled from my footprints and I found relief;  
And it had happened to me, as befalls  
Men bred in cities who have left their walls  
For gain or pleasure, that the wilderness  
Grew lastly wearisome: I loved it less.

**AND** once a desperate chase had led me on  
To an unknown land when daylight was near  
done,  
And I sat weary by my slaughtered prey  
And watched the cranes which northward fled  
away  
Rank upon rank into the depths of air,  
And still the horizon, lifeless, vast and bare,

**The Wander-  
er's Return.**

Stretched wide around, and like a vault of dread  
The arch of heaven hemmed me overhead,  
And the great eye of the dead beast was set  
Upon my own. I felt my cheek was wet:  
Oh, surely then, for all man's heart be hard,  
Though he have taken Nature by the beard,  
And lived alone as to the manner born;  
And though his limbs be strung with toil, and  
worn  
To all Earth's dangers, yet at such a time  
His coward soul will over-master him,  
Saying, "Beware, thou child of Earth, even now  
"Look at the world, how wide it is, and thou  
"How small! And thou hast dared to be alone!"  
And, lo, the last long flight of cranes was gone,  
And darkness with its folding pity crept  
Over the plain. I hid my face and wept,  
Till sleep fell on me. But when dawn was come  
I turned my steps to what had been my home.

**THE** Palace gardens! I had fled aside  
From the gaunt streets in easement of my pride  
After the lamps were lit, for to my brain  
The tumult and the passers by were pain:  
The gardens where, in those far summer times,  
A boy I came to watch the pantomimes  
Among a laughing crowd of white-capped  
bonnes  
And red-cheeked children and loud country  
clowns,



Or where along the wall in graver sense,  
And screened from winds in their "petite  
Provence,"

With the first chestnut-blossoms old men sat  
And cheered their melancholy souls with chat,  
Thawing like frozen apples in the sun!

The old men and the children all were gone.

The leaves, their canopy, lay torn and dead,  
And crushed in spongy heaps beneath my tread,  
The fountains recreant to their laughter lay  
Murk pools of silence shrouded from the day,  
As though no doves had ever at their brink  
Stooped in full June to plume themselves and  
drink;

Only the trees stood, witness of the past;  
Sad trees, I greeted them. I held them fast  
Like a friend's hands. They were as changed  
and bare

As my own life, but calm in the despair  
Of their long winter's martyrdom, and I  
A very child in my philosophy!

Till I remembered that no spring would come  
To mock the winter of my own long doom  
With any merriment. And "Trees," I cried,  
"Your hearts within are all too greenly dyed  
"To match with mine." I let their branches go,  
And sat upon a bench to feed my woe  
With memories long hidden out of mind,  
But which trooped back that night and rode  
the wind.

**The Wander-  
er's Return.**

**THESE** wooden benches, what sad ghosts of pleasures  
Had used them nightly crouching o'er their treasures,  
My own long murdered joys, since there we sat  
Blind in our love and insolent to Fate!  
Each one a witness proved of our lost vows,  
Our prayers, our protests, all our souls' carouse:  
Each one inscribed through the unheeding years  
With letters of a name I wrote in tears.

**'T WAS** here I saw her first, a pure sweet woman,  
Fair as a goddess, but with smile all human,  
Her children at her knees, who went and came  
At each new wayward impulse of their game,  
And she reproving, with her quiet eyes  
Veiling the mirth they could not all disguise.  
The echo of her voice with its mute thrill  
Lived in these glades and stirred my pulses still,  
Though I had lived to hear it in what tone  
Of passionate grief and soul's disunion.  
She stood, a broken lily, by that tree,  
Sunlight and shade for ever changingly  
Chequering the robe she wore of virgin white,  
When first I touched the goal of my delight,  
Her woman's hand, and hid it in my hands.  
Here shone the glory of her countenance,  
Nobler for tears, when weakness for a space  
Held full dominion in that heaven, her face,



And she confessed herself of grief divine,  
And love grown young, a vintage of new wine,  
And I was crowned her king. O silent trees,  
You heard it and you know how to the lees  
We drained the cup of life and found it good,  
Gathering love's manna for our daily food  
In scorn of the vain rest. You heard and knew  
What the world only guessed where all was  
true.

And have you dreamed on in your quiet grove,  
While seven years were built against our love!

'TWAS on this bench I sat that day of June  
Thinking of death a whole sweet afternoon,  
Till I was sick of sorrow and my tongue  
Weary of its long silence (I was young,  
And the birds sang so loud) and when the night  
Came, as it now came, and the lamps grew  
bright

In the long street, lit like a diamond chain,  
I rose and said, "I will not bear the pain.

"What is my pride worth that for it this smart  
"Should harrow up the green things of my heart  
"For twelve importunate hours in such a sort?  
"And pleasure is so sweet and life so short."

And as a martyr who long time has lain  
Frozen in a dungeon, sees amid his pain,  
When he has fasted on for many days,  
Bright visions of hot feasts and hearths ablaze  
With welcome, and who sells his gloomy creed,

The Wander-  
er's Return.

And is overcome of pleasure, so my need  
Conquered my pride, and I arose and went  
Striding, with smiles at my new found intent,  
Down these same gravel alleys to the gate,  
And so beyond, like one inebriate,  
Thinking the while of the fair baths and food  
Set for the renegade, until I stood  
Once more before her door I had forsworn;  
I did not stop to question thoughts forlorn,  
But knocked as I had knocked a thousand times;  
St. Roch's was ringing its last evening chimes,  
And I still thought about the martyr's dream;  
I saw the light within the threshold gleam,  
Which opened to me, and the voice I knew  
Said, in all sweetness, as the door swung to,  
"Come, we are just in time. How fortunate  
"You, too, like me, have happened to be late."  
I swear I said no word of the sad plans  
I had plotted on this bench of ignorance:  
There have been kings called happy, but not  
one  
As I that night. Ah, God! to be alone,  
Alone, and never more to hear her voice  
Calling me back, blest martyr, to my joys!

**I SAT** there grieving in the cold and rain  
Until my heart had half forgot its pain,  
And when I rose I scarce could guide my feet,  
They were so numb, to the unlovely street.  
And yet need was my steps should bear me on



To some mad corner of that Babylon:  
And I must feed the gnawings of my soul  
With broken meat. "The seven years may  
roll,"  
I said, "and men may change and she be dead.  
Yet the house stands, God knows how  
tenanted."

**I LEANED** my back against the colonnade  
Which skirts the square. I think I had not  
prayed  
Through all those years, but now I said a  
prayer,  
And hope in spite of reason seemed to wear  
Green buds upon its branches. Who shall  
know  
If 'twas a vision sent me in my woe  
To prove the power of prayer? But, when I  
turned  
And looked across the square, the candles  
burned  
In the old upper windows, and before  
A shadow crossed the curtain, and the door  
Opened towards me and a voice there cried,  
"Come. You are just in time." I put out wide  
My arms into the darkness, and I fell.

**WHEN** I awoke 'twas as one passed from  
hell,  
Who fears and feels no longer. I was tired.

**The Wander-  
er's Return.**

I scarcely cared to know when I inquired  
After the house. The girl who held the glass  
To my lips (a flower-girl it seemed she was)  
Told me that house and square alike were gone,  
Swept by new boulevards to oblivion:  
Why should I grieve? The new was worth the  
old.

I listened to the story as 'twas told,  
And lingered with her all the evening there,  
Because she pitied me and she was fair,  
And held me with her hand upon the latch.  
"Seven years," I said, "It is a long night's watch,  
"For any soul alone upon life's way,  
"And mine is weary at the break of day."

**END OF THE LOVE-LYRICS AND  
SONGS OF PROTEUS.**



THE LOVE-SONNETS  
OF PROTEUS.

# DEDICATION. TO ONE IN A HIGH POSITION.



O you, a poet, glorious,  
 heaven-born,  
 One who is not a poet  
 but a son  
 Of the earth earthy,  
 sick and travel-worn  
 And weary with a race  
 already run,  
 A battle lost ere yet  
 his day is done,

Comes with this tribute, shattered banners torn  
 From a defeat. You reign in Macedon,  
 My Alexander, as at earlier morn  
 You reigned upon Parnassus, hero, king.  
 I reign no more, not even in those hearts  
 For which these songs were made, and if I sing  
 'Tis with a harsh and melancholy note  
 At which my own heart like an echo starts.  
 Yet sometimes I can deem you listening,  
 And then all else is instantly forgot.



PART I. MANON.

II.

TO MANON, COMPARING HER  
TO A FALCON.



RAVE as a falcon  
and as merciless,  
With bright eyes  
watching still the  
world, thy prey,  
I saw thee pass in  
thy lone majesty,  
Untamed, un-  
mated, high above  
the press.

The dull crowd gazed at thee. It could  
not guess

The secret of thy proud aerial way,  
Or read in thy mute face the soul which lay  
A prisoner there in chains of tenderness.  
Lo, thou art captured. In my hand to-day  
I hold thee, and awhile thou deignest to be  
Pleased with my jesses. I would fain beguile  
My foolish heart to think thou lovest  
me. See,

I dare not love thee quite. A little while  
And thou shalt sail back heavenwards.  
Woe is me!



III.

TO MANON. ON HIS FORTUNE  
IN LOVING HER.



DID not choose thee,  
dearest. It was Love  
That made the choice,  
not I. Mine eyes were  
blind

As a rude shepherd's  
who to some lone grove  
His offering brings  
and cares not at what  
shrine

He bends his knee. The gifts alone were mine;  
The rest was Love's. He took me by the hand,  
And fired the sacrifice, and poured the wine,  
And spoke the words I might not understand.  
I was unwise in all but the dear chance  
Which was my fortune, and the blind desire  
Which led my foolish steps to love's abode,  
And youth's sublime unreasoned prescience  
Which raised an altar and inscribed in fire  
Its dedication "to the unknown god."



## IV.

TO MANON. IN PRAISE OF HIS  
FATE.

WHEN I hear others  
 speak of this and that  
 In our fools' lives  
 which might have  
 better gone,  
 Complaining idly of  
 too niggard fate  
 And wishing still  
 their senseless past  
 undone,

I feel a childish tremor through me run,  
 Stronger than reason, lest by some far chance  
 Fate's ear to our sad plaints should yet be won  
 And these our lives be thrown back on our  
 hands.

I tremble when I think of my past years,  
 My hopes, my aims, my wishes. All these days  
 I might have wandered far from love and thee.  
 But kind fate held me, heedless of my prayers,  
 A prisoner to its wise mysterious ways,  
 And forced me to thy feet. .ah, fortunate me!

TO MANON. ON THE POWER OF  
HER BEAUTY.



AM lighthearted  
now. An hour ago  
There was a tempest  
in my heaven, a flame  
Of sullen lightning  
under a bent brow  
And a dull muttering  
which breathed no  
name.

Now all is changed.

The very winds are tame,  
And the birds sing aloud from every bough,  
And my heart leaps. What empire dost thou  
claim,  
Child, o'er this earth, that nature serves thee  
so?

Sublime magician! Well may earth and heaven  
Change at thy bidding, and the hearts of men.  
Didst thou but know the power that beauty  
hath,

The sea should leave his bed, the rocks be riven,  
And wise men, deeming chaos come again,  
Should kneel before thee and conjure thy  
wrath.



## VI.

TO MANON. DEPRECIATING  
HER BEAUTY.

LOVE not thy per-  
fections. When I  
hear  
Thy beauty blazoned,  
and the common  
tongue  
Cheapening with  
vulgar praise a lip,  
an ear,  
A cheek that I have

prayed to; when among  
The loud world's gods my god is noised and  
sung,  
Her wit applauded, even her taste, her dress,  
Her each dear hidden marvel lightly flung  
At the world's feet and stripped to nakedness:  
Then I despise thy beauty utterly,  
Crying, "Be these your gods, O Israel!"  
And I remember that on such a day  
I found thee with eyes bleared and cheeks all  
pale,  
And lips that trembled to a voiceless cry,  
And that thy bosom in my bosom lay.

VII.

TO MANON. ON HER VANITY.



**W**HAT are these things  
thou lovest? Vanity.  
To see men turn their  
heads when thou dost  
pass;  
To be the signboard  
and the looking-glass  
Where every idler  
there may glut his  
eye;

To hear men speak thy name mysteriously,  
Wagging their heads. Is it for this, alas,  
That thou hast made a placard of a face  
On which the tears of love were hardly dry?  
What are these things thou lovest? The  
applause  
Of prostitutes at wit which is not thine;  
The sympathy of shop-boys who would weep  
Their shilling's-worth of woe in any cause,  
At any tragedy. Their tears and mine,  
What difference? Oh, truly tears are cheap!



VIII.

TO MANON. AS TO HIS CHOICE  
OF HER.



F I had chosen thee,  
thou shouldst have  
been  
A virgin proud, un-  
tamed, immaculate,  
Chaste as the morn-  
ing star, a saint, a  
queen,  
Scarred by no wars,  
no violence of hate.

Thou shouldst have been of soul commensurate  
With thy fair body, brave and virtuous  
And kind and just; and, if of poor estate,  
At least an honest woman for my house.  
I would have had thee come of honoured blood  
And honourable nurture. Thou shouldst bear  
Sons to my pride and daughters to my heart,  
And men should hold thee happy, wise, and  
good.

Lo, thou art none of this, but only fair,  
Yet must I love thee, dear, and as thou art.

## IX.

TO MANON. ON HER WAYWARD-  
NESS.

HIS is rank slavery.  
It better were  
To till the thankless  
earth with sweat of  
brow,  
Following dull oxen  
'neath a goad of care  
To a boor's grave  
agape behind the  
plough.

It better were to linger in some slow  
Unnatural case, the sport of flood or fire,  
To be undone by some inhuman vow  
And robbed in youth of youth and its desire.  
It better were to perish than thus live  
Thy pensioner and bondsman, day by day  
Doing fool's service thus for love of thee.  
How shall I save thee if thou wilt not grieve  
Even for shames like these? How shall I slay  
The foes thou lovest, thou, their enemy?



TO MANON. ON HER FORGIVENESS OF A WRONG.



HIS is not virtue. To  
forgive were great  
If love were in the  
issue and not gold.  
But wrongs there are  
'tis treason to forget,  
And to forgive before  
the deed was cold  
Was a strange jest.  
Ah, Manon, you

have sold

The keys of heaven at a vulgar rate,  
A sum of money for the wealth untold  
Of a just anger and the right to hate.  
Well. It is done and the price paid. Now make  
Haste to betray them as you me betrayed.  
These are no longer foes to be forgiven.  
Remember they are friends, that peace is made,  
That you are theirs. Then rend them for love's  
sake,  
And let your hatred with your love be even.

XI.

TO MANON. ON HER LIGHT-  
HEARTEDNESS.



WOULD I had thy  
courage, dear, to face  
This bankruptcy of  
love, and greet despair  
With smiling eyes  
and unconcerned em-  
brace,  
And these few words  
of banter at "dull  
care."

I would that I could sing and comb my hair  
Like thee the morning thro', and choose my  
dress,  
And gravely argue what I best should wear,  
A shade of ribbon or a fold of lace.  
I would I had thy courage and thy peace,  
Peace passing understanding; that mine eyes  
Could find forgetfulness like thine in sleep;  
That all the past for me like thee could cease  
And leave me cheerfully, sublimely wise,  
Like David with washed face who ceased to  
weep.



XII.

ON READING CERTAIN LETTERS.



READING these lines,  
this record of lost days  
Where I am not, and yet  
where love has been,  
This tale of passions  
consecrate to men  
Other than me, un-  
witting of my ways,  
I seem to hear some pa-  
gan chaunt of praise

Hymned to an idol shrine in gardens green,  
Some wild soft worship of a god obscene,  
Some idle homage to an idol's face.  
I shut my ears, yet hear it still. My eyes  
See not, yet see the unchaste, the unlawful fire.  
I scent the odour of the sacrifice,  
And feel the victim's shriek. Then in my ire  
I rise up, as on Horeb, and I cry,  
"There is none other god, but only I."

XIII.

HE DARES NOT DIE.



OUR hours by the  
clock! How strange it  
is! Four hours,  
Since love and life, the  
future and the past,  
Died with the shutting  
of these silent doors,  
And thought became  
to me one purpose vast.  
I have not moved from

where she sat. The cast  
Of her fingers on this cushion lightly scores  
Its surface still; and still I hear the last  
Tones of her laughter, and here lie her flowers.  
Poor flowers! The ugliness of grief has wrought  
Your change already. No besotted bloom  
Of a false dawn has lured you to base life.  
You at the pinch were brave and trifled not,  
Going ungrudging to our common doom,  
And I? Ah, God! I have not faced the knife!



XIV.

HE HAS FALLEN FROM THE  
HEIGHT OF HIS LOVE.



LOVE, how ignobly  
hast thou met thy doom!  
Ill-seasoned scaffolding  
by which, full-fraught  
With passionate youth  
and mighty hopes, we  
clomb  
To our heart's heaven,  
fearing, doubting,  
naught!

Oh, Love, thou wert too frail for such mad sport,  
Too rotten at thy core, designed too high:  
And we who trusted thee our death have bought,  
And bleeding on the ground must surely die.  
I will not see her. What she now may be  
I care not. For the dream within my brain  
Is fairer, nobler, and more kind than she,  
And with that vision I can mock at pain.  
God! Was there ever woman half so sweet,  
Or death so bitter, or at such dear feet?

XV.

TO HIS FRIEND, COMPLAINING  
THAT HE HAD FALLEN AMONG  
THIEVES.



H, L. . . , I have  
gambled with my soul,  
And, like a spendthrift,  
pawned my heritage  
To pitiless Jews, and  
paid a monstrous toll  
To knaves and usurers:  
and all to wage  
Fair war with black-  
legs, men who dared

to gauge

My youth's bright honour as an antique thing,  
A broadsword to their fencing point and edge.  
So the game went. And even yet I cling  
To my mad humour, reckoning up each stake,  
Each fair coin lost. O miserable slaves,  
Who for the sake of gold, the poorest thing  
Man ever won from the earth's bosom, take  
To rope or poison, and who labour not  
Even to "dig dishonourable graves,"  
See one who has lost a pound for every groat,  
For every penny of your squandering!



## HE ARGUES WITH HIS LIFE.



Y life, what strange  
mad garments hast  
thou on,

Now that I see thee  
truly and am wise,  
Thou wild, lost Pro-  
teus, strangling and  
undone!

What shapes are these,  
what metamorphoses

Of a god's soul in pain? I hear thy cries  
And see thee writhe and take fantastic forms,  
And strike in blindness at the destinies  
And at thyself, and at thy brother worms.  
Ah, foolish worm, thou canst not change thy  
lot,

And all like thee must perish 'neath the sun.  
Why struggle with thy fellows? Nay, be kind,  
Kinder than these. Behold, the flower-pot  
Of fate is emptied out, and one by one  
The fisher takes you, and his hooks are blind.

XVII.

JOY'S TREACHERY.



HAD a live joy once  
and pampered her,  
For I had brought her  
from the "golden  
East,"

To lie when nights  
were cold upon my  
breast

And sit beside me the  
long days and purr,

Until her whole soul should be lapped in fur,  
Deep as her claws; a beautiful sleek beast,  
Which I might love. But, when I deemed it  
least,

Her topaz eyes were on my stomacher,  
Athirst for blood. Thus, for I loathed her since  
I learned her guile, one night I had her slain  
And thrown upon a dunghill to the flies,  
Who bred in her fair limbs a pestilence,  
Whereof I sickened. Thus it ever is:  
Dead joys unburied breed us death and pain.



# XVIII.

## HE LAMENTS THAT HIS LOVE IS DEAD.



Y love is dead, dead  
and in spite of me, . .  
Dead while I lived, . .  
while yet my blood  
was rife  
With hope and  
pleasure and the  
pride of life.  
For my love ended  
unexpectedly

During the winter, stricken like a tree  
By a night's cold, and frozen to the blood,  
Whose leaves fell off and never were renewed  
By any promise of the years to be.  
And, when the spring came, and the birds,  
to mate  
Among its branches, lo! they found it bare,  
Though all around was summer in the wood.  
Yet they took heart awhile, incredulous  
That such a tree should be for ever dead.  
"Tis early yet," they cried "The spring is late.  
It shall still be as in the days that were."  
But summer came and went while the tree  
stood  
Bare in the sun, like a deserted house.  
Then the birds suddenly despaired and fled.

XIX.

HE PROTESTS, NOTWITHSTAND-  
ING, HIS LOVE.



O be cast forth from  
the fair light of heaven  
Into the outer darkness  
and there lie,  
Through unrecorded  
years of agony,  
Unseen, unheard, un-  
pitied, unforgiven;  
To be forgotten of the  
earth and sky,

Forgotten of the womb that once did bear,  
The eyes that cheered, the voice that comforted,  
The very breast where love had laid his head;  
To be alone with darkness and despair,  
Alone with endless death and not to die;  
All these be punishments within the hand  
Of an avenging deity to deal.  
To these I bow in weakness as behoves.  
Yet not in anger but in love I stand  
'Gainst heaven, a new Prometheus, and appeal  
From God to my own soul which ceaseless loves.  
His be the wrath, the burning and the rod.  
Hell shall not make me traitor to my God.



ON FALLING ILL THROUGH  
GRIEF.

GRUCE to thee, Soul,  
I have a debt to pay,  
Which I acknowledge  
and without thy  
pleading.

I like thee little that  
thou barrest my way  
With prayers too late  
for one well past thy  
heeding.

Truce to these tears! Thy fellow lieth bleeding,  
Wounded by thee; and thou, forsooth, dost  
say,

"I have a servant who is sick and needing  
Care at men's hands." The care was thine to  
pay.

When this same Soul was sick, a while ago,  
The Body watched her, till his eyes grew dim  
And his cheeks pale for very sympathy,  
Because she grieved. His love hath wrought  
him woe,

For he is sick and she despiseth him.

Poor Body, I must take some thought of thee.

# HIS BONDAGE TO MANON IS BROKEN.



FROM this day forth I  
lead another life.  
Another life! A life  
without a tear!  
To-day has ended the  
unequal strife,  
My service and my  
sorrow finish here.  
See, my soul cuts her  
cable of belief,

And sails towards the Ocean. She shall steer  
Sublime henceforth o'er accidents of grief.  
Her storm has rolled to a new Hemisphere.  
I have loved too much, too loyally, too long.  
To-day I am a pirate of the Sea.  
Let others suffer. I have suffered wrong.  
Let others love, and love as tenderly.  
Oh, Manon, there are women yet unborn  
Shall rue thy frailty, else am I forsworn.



PART II.  
JULIET.

AN ESSAY ON THE NATURE OF  
LOVE.

YOU ask my love. What  
shall my love with be?  
A hope, a passion, or  
a desire?  
The soul's eternal  
charter what is fit  
Upon the earth, the  
waters, and the sea?  
You ask my love. The  
soul's mystery  
Is a wild land of the gods, the deep  
Of eyes, the land of love, and of love that lies  
Of nothing known is there and only there?  
You ask my love. What love can be more sweet  
Than hope or pleasure? Yet we love in vain.  
The soul is more than joy, the life than meat.  
The sweetest love of all is love in pain.  
And that I will not give. So let it be.  
Nay, give me any love, or it be love of thee.





XXII.

TO JULIET. ON THE NATURE OF  
LOVE.



YOU ask my love. What  
shall my love then be?  
A hope, an aspiration,  
a desire?

The soul's eternal  
charter writ in fire  
Upon the earth, the  
heavens, and the sea?  
You ask my love. The  
carnal mystery

Of a soft hand, of finger-tips that press,  
Of eyes that kindle and of lips that kiss,  
Of sweet things known to thee and only thee?  
You ask my love. What love can be more sweet  
Than hope or pleasure? Yet we love in vain.  
The soul is more than joy, the life than meat.  
The sweetest love of all were love in pain,  
And that I will not give. So let it be.  
Nay, give me any love, so it be love of thee.

XXIII.

TO JULIET, ASKING FOR HER  
HEART.



IVE me thy heart,  
Juliet, give me thy  
heart!

I have a need of it, an  
absolute need,  
Because my own  
heart has thus long  
been dead.

I live but by thy life.  
The very smart

Of this new pain which has been born of thee  
Is thine, thy own great pleasure's counterpart.  
I stand before thee naked. Clothe thou me.  
Bring out a robe, . . thy truth, thy chastity.  
Put rings upon my fingers, . . honour's meed.  
For thou canst give, nor ever reck the cost,  
Being the royal creature that thou art,  
The fountain of all honour, whose high boast  
Is to be greatest when thou givest most.



XXIV.

THE SAME  
(Continued).

2.



IVE me thy soul, Juliet, give me  
thy soul!

I am a bitter sea, which drinketh in  
The sweetness of all waters, and  
so thine.

Thou, like a river, pure and swift  
and full

And freighted with the wealth of many lands,  
With hopes and fears and death and life, dost  
roll

Against the troubled ocean of my sin.

Thou doubttest not, though on these desert  
sands

The billows surge against thee black with brine,  
Unwearied. For thy love is fixed and even  
And bears thee onward, and thy faith is whole.  
Though thou thyself shouldst sin, yet surely  
heaven

Hath held thee guiltless and thou art forgiven.

XXV.

THE SAME

(Continued).

3.



IVE me thy kiss, Juliet, give me  
thy kiss.

I with my body worship thee and  
vow

Such service to thy needs as man  
can do.

I ask no nobler servitude than this.

Am I not thine, the bondsman of thy love,

Whom thou hast bought and ransomed at a  
price,

And therefore worthy to be ranked above

The very stars that in the heavens move?

And, Juliet, since I thus am one with you,

And kinglier than Plantagenet or Guelph,

What price were meet for my high mightiness?

What gold of joy, what hope, what heavenly  
pelf

Hast thou to give? Nay, sweetest, give thyself.



XXVI.

THE SAME

(Continued).

4.



SINCE thou hast given me these,  
Juliet, given me these,  
There have been tidings told of  
a great joy,  
Of peace on Earth, good-will  
without annoy.

Thou hast put on my soul's infirmities  
And stooped to succour me; and thou hast trod  
The way of sorrows with me, on thy knees,  
Making thyself a little less than god,  
That I might worship him in womanhood,  
A new redemption. Therefore, Juliet,  
The choirs of heaven multitudinous  
Make all their songs to thee this happy night,  
In praise of thy great love incarnate thus,  
A very "word made flesh" to dwell with us.

XXVII.

TO JULIET, ASKING THE FULFIL-  
MENT OF HER LOVE.



ASK for love who  
famished am in plenty,  
Not scorning the dear  
manna of your tears  
But being vexed with  
that too froward  
twenty  
Which heads the sum  
of my rebellious years.  
My soul is fallen "in

lust of cucumbers,  
Of fish, of melons," through its long abstaining.  
Unworthy Egypt yet enslaves my fears.  
Ah, love, I thirst, but not for heaven's raining.  
Why speak to me, alas, of heavenly joys  
Who ask for joys of earth these cannot cheat?  
What are these clouds, these pillars of fire to me?  
The wilderness is long. Youth cannot be  
For ever fed on these unnatural toys,  
And needs must murmur if it have not meat.



XXVIII.

TO JULIET, IN ANSWER TO A  
QUESTION.



HY should I hate you,  
love, or why despise  
For that last proof of  
tenderness you gave?  
The battle is not  
always to the brave,  
Nor life's sublimest  
wisdom to the wise.  
True courage often is  
in frightened eyes,

And reason in sweet lips that only rave.  
There is a weakness stronger than the grave,  
And blood poured out has overcome the skies.  
Nay, love, I honour you the more for this,  
That you have rent the veil, and ushered in  
A fellow soul to your soul's holy place.  
And why should either blush that we have been  
One day in Eden, in our nakedness?  
'Tis conscience makes us sinners, not our sin.

XXIX.

TO JULIET, WHO WOULD COM-  
FORT HIM.



DID not ask your  
pity, dear. Your zeal  
I know. It cannot cure  
me of my woes.  
And you, in your  
sweet happiness, who  
knows,  
Deserve it rather I  
should pity feel  
For what the coming

years from you conceal.  
I did but cry, thou dear Samaritan,  
Out of my bitterness of soul. Each man  
Hath his own sorrow treading on his heel,  
Ready to strike him, and must keep his shield  
To his own back. Fate's arrows thickly fly,  
And, if they strike not now, will strike at even.  
And so I ask no pity. On life's field  
The wounded crawl together, but their cry  
Is not to one another but to Heaven.



## THE RELIGION OF LOVE.



O thou but love me,  
dear, with thy whole  
heart

What care I for the  
rest, for good or ill?  
What for the peace of  
soul good deeds im-  
part?

What for the tears un-  
holy dreams distil?

These cannot make my joy, nor shall they kill.

Thou only perfect peace and virtue art

And holiness for me and strength and will. .

So thou but love me with a perfect heart.

I ask thee now no longer to be wise;

No longer to be good, but loving me.

I ask thee nothing now but only this.

Henceforth my Bible, dear, shall be thine eyes,

My beads thy lips, my prayers thy constancy,

My heaven thine arms, eternity thy kiss.

## TO ONE WHO LOVED HIM.



CANNOT love you,  
love, as you love me,  
In singleness of soul,  
and faith untried.  
I have no faith in any  
destiny,  
In any heaven, even  
at your side.  
Our hearts are all  
too weak, the world

too wide,

You but a woman. If I dare to give  
Some thought, some tenderness, a little pride,  
A little love, 'tis yours, love, to receive.  
And do not grieve, though now the gift appear  
A drop to your love's ocean. Time shall see.  
Oh, I could prophesy: That day is sure,  
Though not perhaps this week, nor month,  
nor year,  
When your great love shall clean forgotten be,  
And my poor tenderness shall yet endure.  
'Tis not the trees that make the tallest show,  
Which stand out stoutest when the tempests  
blow.



XXXII.  
TO JULIET. EXHORTING HER TO  
PATIENCE.



HY do we fret at the  
inconstancy  
Of our frail hearts,  
which cannot always  
love?

Time rushes onward,  
and we mortals move  
Like waifs upon a  
river, neither free  
To halt nor hurry.

Sweet, if destiny  
Throws us together for an hour, a day,  
In the back-water of this quiet bay,  
Let us rejoice. Before us lies the sea,  
Where we must all be lost in spite of love.  
We dare not stop to question. Happiness  
Lies in our hand unsought, a treasure trove.  
Time has short patience of man's vain distress;  
And fate grows angry at too long delay;  
And floods rise fast, and we are swept away.

XXXIII.

TO JULIET. REMINDING HER OF  
A PROMISE.

1.



H, Juliet, we have  
quarrelled with our  
fate,  
And fate has struck  
us. Wherefore do we  
cry?  
We prayed for liberty,  
and now too late  
Find liberty is this, to  
say "good-bye."

The winter which we loved not has gone by,  
And Spring is come. The gardens, which were  
bare

When we first wandered through them, you  
and I,

The prisoners of our own vain wishes, are  
Now full of golden flowers. The very lane  
Down to the sea is green. The cactus hedge  
We saw cut down has sprouted new again,  
And swallows have their nests on the cliff's  
edge

Where we so often sat and dared complain  
Because our joy was new, and called it pain.



XXXIV.

THE SAME  
(Continued).

2.



ES, Spring is come, but joy alas  
is gone,  
Gone ere we knew it, while our  
foolish eyes,  
Which should have watched  
its motions every one  
Were looking elsewhere, at the hills, the skies,  
Chasing vain thoughts, as children butterflies,  
Until the hour struck and the day was done,  
And we looked up in passionate surprise  
To find that clouds had blotted out our sun.  
Our joys are gone. And what is left to us,  
Who loved not even love when it was here?  
What but a voice which sobs monotonous  
As these sad waves upon the rocks, the dear  
Fond voice which once made music with our  
own,  
And which our hearts now ache to think upon.

XXXV.

THE SAME  
(Continued).

3.



LD memories are sweet, but  
these are new  
And smart like wounds yet  
green. But one there is  
Which, for the cause that it  
was dear to you

In days which counted upon greater bliss,  
Is fairer now and dearer far than these;  
And this the memory is of some hours spent  
One afternoon when, seated at your knees,  
I made narration (it was middle Lent  
And you with Judas flowers had filled your lap),  
Of the wise secret of these rhymes of mine,  
And gave a promise, which behold I keep,  
To write them out for you, each idle line,  
Throwing you all my rubbish in one heap.  
Poor stuff perhaps; and yet it made you weep.



XXXVI.

TO JULIET. FEAR HAS CAST OUT  
LOVE.



IS not that love is  
less or sorrow more  
Than in the days  
when first these  
things began.  
Even then you  
doubted, and our  
hearts were sore  
And you rebelled be-  
cause I was a man.

Even then you fought, and wrestled with my  
plan  
Of earthly bliss; what bitter anguish too  
When at the hour decreed our passion ran  
Out of our keeping and love claimed its due.  
'Tis not love's fault we part, nor grief's. Alas,  
One mightier now compels us with his nod.  
The fire of heaven has touched us, and we pass  
From pleasure's chastenings to a fiercer rod;  
And fear has cast out love, for flesh is grass  
And we are withered with the wrath of God.

XXXVII.

TO ONE WHO WOULD "REMAIN  
FRIENDS."



WHAT is this prate  
of friendship? Kings  
discrowned  
Go forth, not citizens  
but outlawed men.  
If love has ceased to  
give a loyal sound,  
Let there at least be  
silence. Once again  
I go, proscribed,  
exiled, dominionless  
Out of your coasts, yet scorning to complain.  
I grudge not your allegiance nor my bliss.  
I yield the pleasure as I keep the pain.  
Rebellion's rights are limited though strong.  
The right to take gives not the right to give.  
Mine were the sole right and prerogative  
To give a title or forgive a wrong.  
This gift of friendship was not yours to bring.  
As I have lived in love I still will live  
Or die, if needs must, and without reprieve,  
Your lover yet, and kingdomless a king.



XXXVIII.

TO ONE NOW ESTRANGED,



HAY did you love me?  
Was it not enough  
That the world loved  
you, all the world  
and I?

Or was your heart of  
so sublime a stuff  
That it might trifle  
with inconstancy  
And love and cease

to love and yet not die?

Heaven was your throne by right of happiness  
And earth your footstool. All things great and  
high

Waited your bidding, love itself no less.

Yet, if you deigned to love, if from your place  
In heaven you stooped, if, when your heart  
was moved,

A thrill of human pleasure tinged your face,  
If 'twas in weakness not in strength you loved,  
Then there was cause to blush. Yet, loving, how  
Shall you blush less to be apostate now?

## FAREWELL TO JULIET.

1.



JULIET, farewell. I  
 would not be forgiven  
 Even if I forgave.  
 These words must be  
 The last between us  
 two in earth or heaven,  
 The last and bitterest.  
 You are henceforth free  
 For ever from my  
 bitter words and me.

You shall not at my hand be further vexed  
 With either love, reproach or jealousy,  
 (So help me heaven), in this world or the next.  
 Our souls are single for all time to come  
 And for eternity, and this farewell  
 Is as the trumpet note, the crack of doom,  
 Which heralds an eternal silence. Hell  
 Has no more fixed and absolute decree.  
 And heaven and hell may meet, yet never we.



XL.

THE SAME  
(Continued)

2.



IS strange we are thus parted,  
not by death  
Or man's device, but by our  
own mad will,  
We who have stood together  
on life's path

Thro' half a youth of good repute and ill,  
Friends more than lovers. See, love's citadel  
We held so stoutly 'gainst a world in arms  
Lies all dismantled now, a sight to fill  
The earth with lamentations and alarms.  
Whose was the fault? I dare not ask nor say.  
If there was treachery, 'tis best untold.  
The price of treason we receive to-day  
Is paid to both of us in evil gold.  
Ay, take thy bitter freedom. 'Tis the fee  
Of love betrayed and faith's apostacy.

## XLI.

### THE SAME (Continued).

3.



E may not meet. I could not for  
pride's sake  
Dissemble further, and I suffer  
pain,  
A palpable distinct and physical  
ache,

When our eyes meet by accident, and when  
I hear you talk in your pathetic strain  
Which always moved me. Only yesterday,  
As I was standing with a crowd of men  
In the long corridor, you came my way  
And chanced to stop, and thus by chance I  
heard

A score of phrases uttered in that sad  
Half-suppliant voice which once my spirit  
stirred

To its foundations. Yet your theme was glad,  
Strangers your hearers. What was in these  
spells

To move me still? A trick, and nothing else!



XLII.

THE SAME  
(Continued).

4.



E vex each other with our  
presence, I  
By my regrets and by my  
mocking face,  
You by your laughter and  
mad gaiety,  
And both by cruel thoughts of happier days.  
Is then the world so narrow that we pace  
These streets like prisoners still with eyes  
askance,  
As bound together in the fell embrace  
Of a dark chain which bars deliverance?  
Nay, go your ways. I will not vex you more.  
Make your own terms with life, while you are  
fair.  
There is none better learned in woman's lore.  
You yet may take revenge on grief and care,  
And 'twas your nature ever to be gay.  
Why should I scoff? Be merry while you may.

XLIII.

THE SAME  
(Continued).

5.



DO not love you. To have  
said this once  
Had seemed to both of us a  
monstrous lie,  
An idle boast, love's last  
extravagance  
Or the mere paradox of vanity.  
Now it is true and yet more hideously  
More strangely monstrous. I, no less than you,  
Here own at length the worm which cannot  
die,  
The burden of a pain for ever new.  
This is the "pang of loss," the bitterest  
Which hell can give. We are shut out from  
heaven  
And never more shall look upon love's face,  
Being with those who perish unforgiven.  
Never to see love's face! Ah, pain in pain,  
Which we do well to weep and weep again.



XLIV.

THE SAME

(Continued).

6.



ET we shall live without love,  
as some live

Without their limbs, their  
senses, maimed or deaf.

We even shall forget love, and  
shall thrive

And prosper and grow fat upon our grief.

You are consoled already more than half,

And wear your sorrow lightly. I will boast

No longer the refusal of relief

Than as a decent mourner of hopes crossed.

We yet shall laugh, and laughter is more loud

When following tears. The men who drive a  
hearse

Are not the least lighthearted of the crowd.

See, we have made Love's epitaph in verse

And fairly buried him. God's ways are best.

Then home to pleasure and the funeral feast.

XLV.

THE SAME

(Continued).

7.



O you remember how I laughed  
at you  
In the Beaulieu woods, and how  
I made my peace?  
It was your thirtieth birthday,  
and you threw  
Stones like a school-girl at the chestnut-trees.  
The heavens were light above us and the  
breeze.  
Your Corydon and all the merry crew  
Had wandered to a distance, busier bees  
Than we, who cared not where the hazels grew.  
We were alone at last. I had been teasing  
You with the burden of years left behind.  
You were too fair to find my wit displeasing,  
And I too tender to be less than kind.  
Your pebbles struck me. "Wretch," I cried.  
The word  
Entered our hearts that instant like a sword.



XLVI.

THE SAME

(Continued).

8.



HENCE happy fools! What  
wisdom shall we learn  
In this world or the next, if  
next there be,  
More deep, more full, more  
worthy our concern

Than that first word of folly taught us? We  
Had suddenly grown silent. I could see  
Your cheek had lost a little of its hue,  
And your lips trembled, and beseechingly  
Your blue eyes turned to mine, and well I knew  
Your woman's instinct had divined my speech,  
The meaning of a word so lightly spoken.  
The word was a confession, clear to each,  
A pledge as plain and as distinct a token  
As that of Peter at his master's knees,  
"Thou knowest that I love thee more than  
these."

XLVII.

THE SAME  
(Continued).

9.



SEE you, Juliet, still, with your  
straw hat  
Loaded with vines, and with  
your dear pale face,  
On which those thirty years so  
lightly sat,  
And the white outline of your muslin dress.  
You wore a little fichu trimmed with lace  
And crossed in front, as was the fashion then,  
Bound at your waist with a broad band or sash,  
All white and fresh and virginally plain.  
There was a sound of shouting far away  
Down in the valley, as they called to us,  
And you, with hands clasped seeming still to  
pray  
Patience of fate, stood listening to me thus  
With heaving bosom. There a rose lay curled.  
It was the reddest rose in all the world.



XLVIII.

THE SAME

(Continued).

10.



THINK there never was a  
dearer woman,  
A better, kinder, truer than you  
were,  
A gentler spirit more divinely  
human

Than yours with your sweet melancholy air  
Of tender gaiety, which seemed like care,  
And in your voice a sob as of distress  
At the world's ways, its sin and its despair,  
Being yourself all strange to wickedness.  
Now you are neither gentle, kind, nor good,  
And you have sorrows of your own to grieve,  
And in your mirth compassion has no mood;  
You wear no more your heart upon your sleeve,  
And if your voice still sobs 'tis with a sense  
Of sorrow's power, grief's wealth, experience.

XLIX.

THE SAME

(Continued).

11.



"WOMAN with a past."  
What happier omen  
Could heart desire for mistress  
or for friend?  
Phœnix of friends, and most  
divine of women,

Skilled in all fence to venture or defend  
And with love's science at your fingers' end,  
No tears to vex, no ignorance to bore,  
A fancy ripe, the zest which sorrows lend! . .  
I would to God we had not met before.  
I would to God! and yet to God I would  
That we had never met. To see you thus  
Is grief and wounds and poison to my blood.  
Oh, this is sacrilege and foul abuse.  
You were a thing for honour, not vile use,  
Not for the mad world's wicked sinks and  
stews.



L.

THE SAME  
(Continued).

12.



WHAT have I done? What gross  
impiety  
Prompted my hand thus against  
God and good?  
Was there not joy on Earth  
enough for me

That I must scale the Heaven where you stood,  
And with my sinful blood pollute your blood?  
You were the type of wise sweet sanctity,  
Of that unearthly half of womanhood  
Which well redeems the rest. Oh, Juliet, we  
Sinned in a temple, and our tears to-day  
Appeal in vain to heaven which dares not hear.  
God is not always mocked. And thus we pay  
Our uttermost debt unheeded, tear on tear  
And scoff on scoff and sin heaped up on sin,  
While there is justice on the earth to men.

LI.

THE SAME

(Continued).

13.



W<sup>E</sup> planted love, and lo it bred a  
brood  
Of lusts and vanities and sense-  
less joys.  
We planted love, and you have  
gathered food  
Of every bitter herb which fills and cloyes.  
Your meat is loud excitement and mad noise,  
Your wine the unblest ambition of command  
O'er hearts of men, of dotards, idiots, boys.  
These are the playthings fitted to your hand,  
These are your happiness. You weep no more,  
But I must weep. My heaven has been defiled.  
My sin has found me out and smites me sore,  
And folly, justified of her own child,  
Rules all the empire where love reigned of yore,  
Folly red-cheeked but rotten to the core.



LII.

THE SAME

(Continued).

14.



AME, impotent conclusion to  
youth's dreams

Vast as all heaven! See, what  
glory lies

Entangled here in these base  
stratagems,

What virtue done to death! O glorious sighs,  
Sublime beseechings, high cajoleries,  
Fond wraths, brave raptures, all that sometime  
was

Our daily bread of gods beneath the skies,  
How are ye ended, in what utter loss!

Time was, time is, and time is yet to come,  
Till even time itself shall have its end.

These were eternal, and behold, a tomb.

Come, let us laugh and eat and drink. God  
send

What all the world must need one day as we,  
Speedy oblivion, rest for memory.

LIII.

THE SAME

(Continued).

15.



FAREWELL, then. It is finished.

I forego

With this all right in you, even  
that of tears.

If I have spoken hardly, it will  
show

How much I loved you. With you disappears  
A glory, a romance of many years.

What you may be henceforth I will not know.

The phantom of your presence on my fears  
Is impotent at length for weal or woe.

Your past, your present, all alike must fade

In a new land of dreams where love is not.

Then kiss me and farewell. The choice is made

And we shall live to see the past forgot,

If not forgiven. See, I came to curse,

Yet stay to bless. I know not which is worse.



PART III.  
GODS AND FALSE GODS.

Standing in heaven un-  
 loved, companionless,  
 He should be in some  
 white-bowed cloud,  
 And so forget his rage  
 and loneliness.  
 If it were possible the  
 flowers would grow sweet, but at their birth  
 they were bitter, and should grow bitter and  
 die.  
 If there were comfort, and if there were  
 It should be proved that love has sometimes  
 been.  
 I want lambs and leopards, doves and hawks,  
 that grow  
 Clasp the lark's coils, that poped out grow  
 green  
 In the west wind, that pushes blossoms blow  
 Upon May's blackest thorn; then, only then,  
 I might believe that love between us two  
 Was still in heaven's gift, sweet child. And you?





## HE DESIRES THE IMPOSSIBLE.



If it were possible the  
fierce sun should,  
Standing in heaven un-  
loved, companionless,  
Enshrined be in some  
white-bosomed cloud,  
And so forget his rage  
and loneliness;

If it were possible the  
bitter seas

Should suddenly grow sweet, till at their brink  
Birds with bright eyes should stoop athirst and  
drink;

If these were possible; and if to these

It should be proved that love has sometimes  
been

'Twixt lambs and leopards, doves and hawks,  
that snow

Clasps the bare rocks, that rugged oaks grow  
green

In the west wind, that pinkest blossoms blow

Upon May's blackest thorn; then, only then,

I might believe that love between us two

Was still in heaven's gift, sweet child. And you?

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



O-DAY, all day, I  
rode upon the down,  
With hounds and  
horsemen, a brave  
company.  
On this side in its  
glory lay the sea,  
On that the Sussex  
weald, a sea of brown.  
The wind was light,

and brightly the sun shone,  
And still we galloped on from gorse to gorse.  
And once, when checked, a thrush sang, and  
my horse  
Pricked his quick ears as to a sound unknown.  
I knew the Spring was come. I knew it even  
Better than all by this, that through my chase  
In bush and stone and hill and sea and heaven  
I seemed to see and follow still your face.  
Your face my quarry was. For it I rode,  
My horse a thing of wings, myself a god.



TO ONE WHOM HE DARED NOT  
LOVE.

Some who, in a desert  
wandering  
Alone and faint be-  
neath a pitiless sky,  
And doubting in his  
heart if he shall bring  
His bones back to his  
kindred or there die,  
Finds at his feet a  
treasure suddenly

Such as would make him for all time a king,  
And so forgets his fears and with keen eye  
Falls to a-counting each new precious thing:  
So was I when you told me yesterday  
The tale of your dear love. Awhile I stood  
Astonished and enraptured, and my heart  
Began to count its treasures. Now dismay  
Steals back my joy, and terror chills my blood,  
And I remember only "we must part."

ON A LOST OPPORTUNITY.



E might, if you had  
willed, have conquered  
heaven.

Once only in our lives  
before the gate  
Of Paradise we stood,  
one fortunate even,  
And gazed in sudden  
rapture through the  
gate.

And, while you stood astonished, I, our fate  
Venturing, pushed the latch and found it free.  
There stood the Tree of Knowledge fair and great  
Beside the Tree of Life. One instant we  
Stood in that happy garden, guardianless.  
My hands already turned towards the tree  
And in another moment we had known  
The taste of joy and immortality  
And been ourselves as gods. But in distress  
You thrust me back with supplicating arms  
And eyes of terror, till the impatient sun  
Had time to set and till the heavenly host  
Rushed forth on us with clarions and alarms  
And cast us out for ever, blind and lost.



LVIII.

TO ONE, ON HER WASTE OF  
TIME.



HY practise, love,  
this small economy  
Of your heart's  
favours? Can you  
keep a kiss  
To be enjoyed in age?  
and would the free  
Expense of pleasure  
leave you penniless?  
Nay, nay. Be wise.

Believe me, pleasure is  
A gambler's token, only gold to-day.  
The day of love is short, and every bliss  
Untasted now is a bliss thrown away.  
'Twere pitiful, in truth, such treasures should  
Lie by like misers' crusts till mouldy grown.  
Think you the hand of age will be less rude  
In touching your sweet bosom than my own?  
Alas, what matter, when our heads are grey,  
Whether you loved or did not love to-day?

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE.



NOW loud the storm  
 blew all that bitter night!  
 The loosened ivy tap-  
 ping on the pane  
 Woke me and woke,  
 again and yet again,  
 Till I was full awake  
 and sat upright.  
 I listened to the noises  
 of the night,  
 And presently I heard, disguised yet plain,  
 A footstep on the stair which mounted light  
 Towards me, and my heart outbeat the rain.  
 I knew that it was you. I knew it even  
 Before the door, which by design ajar  
 Waited your coming, had disclosed my fate.  
 I felt a wind upon my face from heaven.  
 I felt the presence of a life. My hair  
 Was touched as by a spirit. Insensate  
 I drew you to my bosom. Ah, too late!  
 I clutched the darkness. There was nothing  
 there.



## THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.



H, Love, dear Love.  
 In vain I scoff. In vain  
 I ply my barren wit,  
 and jest at thee.  
 Thou heedest not, or  
 dost forgive the pain,  
 And in thy own good  
 time and thy own way,  
 Waiting my silence,  
 thou dost vanquish me.

Thou comest at thy will in sun or rain  
 And at the hour appointed, a spring day,  
 An autumn night: and lo, I serve again.  
 Forgive me, touch me, chide me. What to thee,  
 God that thou art, are these vain shifts of mine?  
 Let me but know thee. Thou alone art wise.  
 I ask not to be wise or great or free  
 Or aught but at thy knees and wholly thine,  
 Thus, and to feel thy hand upon mine eyes.

LXI.

TO ONE, EXCUSING HIS POVERTY.



H! love, impute it not  
to me a sin  
That my poor soul  
thus beggared comes  
to thee.  
My soul a pilgrim was,  
in search of thine,  
And met these  
accidents by land  
and sea.

The world was hard, and took its usury,  
Its toll for each new night in each new inn;  
And every road had robber bands to fee;  
And all, even kindness, must be paid in coin.  
Behold my scrip is empty, my heart bare.  
I give thee nothing who my all would give.  
My pilgrimage is finished, and I fare  
Bare to my death, unless with thee I live.  
Ah! give, love, and forgive that I am poor.  
Ah! take me to thy arms and ask no more.



LXII.

TO ONE WHO WOULD MAKE  
A CONFESSION.



H! leave the Past to  
bury its own dead.  
The Past is naught to  
us, the Present all.  
What need of last  
year's leaves to strew  
Love's bed?  
What need of ghosts  
to grace a festival?  
I would not, if I could,

those days recall,

Those days not ours. For us the feast is spread,  
The lamps are lit, and music plays withal.  
Then let us love and leave the rest unsaid.  
This island is our home. Around it roar  
Great gulfs and oceans, channels, straits, and  
seas.

What matter in what wreck we reached the  
shore,

So we both reached it? We can mock at these.

Oh! leave the Past, if Past indeed there be.

I would not know it. I would know but thee.

## THE PLEASURES OF LOVE.



DO not care for  
kisses. 'Tis a debt  
We paid for the first  
privilege of love.  
These are the rains of  
April which have wet  
Our fallow hearts and  
forced their germs to  
move.

Now the green corn  
has sprouted. Each new day  
Brings better pleasures, a more dear surprise,  
The blade, the ear, the harvest: and our way  
Leads through a region wealthy grown and  
wise.

We now compare our fortunes. Each his store  
Displays to kindred eyes of garnered grain,  
Two happy farmers, learned in love's lore,  
Who weigh and touch and argue and complain.  
Dear endless argument! Yet sometimes we  
Even as we argue kiss. There! Let it be.



LXIV.

HE APPEALS AGAINST HIS  
BOND.



N my distress Love  
made me sign a bond,  
A cruel bond. 'Twas  
by necessity  
Wrung from a foolish  
heart, alas, too fond,  
Too blindly fond, its  
error to foresee.  
And now my soul's  
estate, in jeopardy,

Lies to a pledge it never can redeem.

Love's loan was love, one hour of ecstasy,

His penalty eternal loss of him.

See, I am penniless, the forfeit paid,

And go a beggar forth from thy dear sight,

My pound of more than flesh too strictly  
weighed

And cut too near the heart. Fair Israelite,

Thy plea was just. Thy right has been  
confessed.

And yet a work of mercy were twice blessed.

## TO ONE WHO SPOKE ILLOF HIM.



HAT is your quarrel  
with me, in Love's  
name,  
Fair queen of wrath?  
What evil have I  
done,  
What treason to the  
thought of our dear  
shame  
Subscribed or plotted?

Is my heart less one  
In its obedience to your stern decrees  
Than on the day when first you said, "I please,"  
And with your lips ordained our union?  
Am I not now, as then, upon my knees?  
You bade me love you, and the deed was done,  
And when you cried, "Enough," I stopped, and  
when  
You bade me go I went, and when you said  
"Forget me" I forgot. Alas, what wrong  
Would you avenge upon a loyal head,  
Which ever bowed to you in joy and pain,  
That you thus scourge me with your pitiless  
tongue?



LXVI.

TO ONE WHO HAD LEFT HER  
CONVENT TO MARRY.



YEAR ago you gave  
yourself to God.

It was a noble gift and  
nobly given,

And we who watched  
you as you fearless  
trod,

Like one inspired,  
your pilgrimage to  
Heaven,

Rejoiced, poor sinners, there was still this leaven

For a bad world, this bud on Aaron's rod,

This virgin still at watch with the wise seven,

And envying you we almost envied God.

A year ago! Another service now

Moves your delight, another noble whim,

Another bride-groom and another vow.

Again we envy you and envy him,

First God's, then Man's! Your love all ranks  
would level.

Who knows? Next year may add a third, the  
Devil.

LXVII.

THE THREE AGES OF WOMAN.

I.



LOVE, in thy youth,  
a stranger, knelt to  
thee,  
With cheeks all red  
and golden locks all  
curled,  
And cried, "Sweet  
child, if thou wilt  
worship me,  
Thou shalt possess

the kingdoms of the world."

But you looked down and said, "I know you not,  
Nor want I other kingdom than my soul."

Till Love in shame, convicted of his plot,  
Left you and turned him to some other goal.

And this discomfiture which you had seen  
Long served you for your homily and boast,  
While, of your beauty and yourself the queen,  
You lived a monument of vain love crossed,  
With scarce a thought of that which might  
have been

To scare you with the ghost of pleasures lost.



LXVIII.

THE SAME

(Continued).

2.



OUR youth flowed on, a river  
chaste and fair,  
Till thirty years were written  
to your name.  
A wife, a mother, these the  
titles were

Which conquered for you the world's fairest  
fame.

In all things you were wise but in this one,  
That of your wisdom you yourself did doubt.

Youth spent like age, no joy beneath the sun.

Your glass of beauty vainly running out.

Then suddenly again, ere well you knew,

Love looked upon you tenderly, yet sad:

"Are these wise follies, then, enough for you?"

He said: "Love's wisdom were itself less mad."

And you: "What wouldst thou of me?" "My  
bare due,

In token of what joys may yet be had."

LXIX.

THE SAME

(Continued).

3.



GAIN Love left you. With  
appealing eyes  
You watched him go, and lips  
apart to speak.  
He left you, and once more  
the sun did rise

And the sun set, and week trod close on week  
And month on month, till you had reached  
the goal  
Of forty years, and life's full waters grew  
To bitterness and flooded all your soul,  
Making you loathe old things and pine for new.  
And you into the wilderness had fled,  
And in your desolation loud did cry,  
"Oh, for a hand to turn these stones to bread!"  
Then in your ear Love whispered scornfully,  
"Thou too, poor fool, thou, even thou," he  
said,  
"Shalt taste thy little honey ere thou die."



## SIBYLLINE BOOKS.



HEN first, a boy,  
 at your fair knees I  
 kneeled,  
 'Twas with a worthy  
 offering. In my hand  
 My young life's book I  
 held, a volume sealed,  
 Which none but you,  
 I deemed, might  
 understand.

And you I did entreat to loose the band  
 And read therein your own soul's destiny.  
 But, Tarquin-like, you turned from my  
 demand,  
 Too proudly fair to find your fate in me.  
 When now I come, alas, what hands have turned  
 Those virgin pages! Some are torn away,  
 And some defaced, and some with passion  
 burned,  
 And some besmeared with life's least holy clay.  
 Say, shall I offer you these pages wet  
 With blood and tears? and will your sorrow read  
 What your joy heeded not? Unopened yet  
 One page remains. It still may hold a fate,  
 A counsel for the day of utter need.  
 Nay, speak, sad heart, speak quick. The hour  
 is late.  
 Age threatens us. The Gaul is at the gate.

ON READING THE MEMOIRS OF  
M. D'ARTAGNAN.

MY was I born in this  
 degenerate age?  
 Or rather why, a  
 thousand times,  
 with soul  
 Of such degenerate  
 stuff that a mute rage  
 Is all its reason, tears  
 the only toll  
 It takes on life, and  
 impotence its goal?  
 Why was I born to this sad heritage  
 Of fierce desires which cannot fate control,  
 Of idle hopes life never can assuage?  
 Why was I born thus weak? Oh, to have been  
 A merry fool, at jest with destiny;  
 A free hand ready and a heart as free;  
 A ruffler in the camps of Mazarin!  
 Oh, for the honest soul of d'Artagnan,  
 Twice happy knave, a Gascon and a man!



## THE MORTE D'ARTHUR.



THESE are the tales  
in all their valorous  
lore  
Of that famed frolic  
of the Table Round.  
No shame-faced  
verse, but stout prose  
to the core,  
As Malory wrote it  
and our fathers found.

Tales touching still, and still through time re-  
nowned,

But less, methinks, for their high deeds that  
bore

Their crests so proudly than the one lost sound  
Of Lancelot's step at the Queen's chamber door.  
How their sighs echo! Think, if then she had  
made

Another answer than her human "yes,"  
And been more valiant and denied and slept!  
Should we still weep o'er Bors and Galahad,  
The Sancgreal's quest, Gawayne in wrath  
equipped,  
Or all King Arthur's jousts in Lyonesse?

## THE TWO HIGHWAYMEN.



LONG have had a  
quarrel set with Time,  
Because he robbed  
me. Every day of life  
Was wrested from me  
after bitter strife,  
I never yet could see  
the sun go down  
But I was angry in  
my heart, nor hear

The leaves fall in the wind without a tear  
Over the dying summer. I have known  
No truce with Time nor, Time's accomplice,  
Death.

The fair world is the witness of a crime  
Repeated every hour. For life and breath  
Are sweet to all who live; and bitterly  
The voices of these robbers of the heath  
Sound in each ear and chill the passer by.  
What have we done to thee, thou monstrous  
Time?

What have we done to Death that we must  
die?



## FROM THE FRENCH OF ANVERS.



Y heart has its secret,  
 my soul its mystery,  
 A love which is eternal  
 begotten in a day.  
 The ill is long past  
 healing. Why should  
 I speak to-day?  
 For none have ears  
 to hear, and, least of  
 all, she.

Alas, I shall have lived unseen tho' ever near,  
 For ever at her side, for ever too alone.  
 I shall have lived my life unknowing and un-  
 known,  
 Asking naught, daring naught, receiving naught  
 from her.  
 And she, whom heaven made kind and chaste  
 and fair,  
 Shall go undoubting on, the while upon her way  
 The murmur of my love shall fill the land.  
 Till, reading here perchance severe and un-  
 aware  
 These lines so full of her, she shall look up  
 and say,  
 "Who was this woman then?" and shall not  
 understand.

TO ONE TO WHOM HE HAD  
BEEN UNJUST.



F I was angry once  
that you refused  
The bread I asked  
and offered me a  
stone,  
Deeming the rights of  
bounty thus abused  
And my poor beggary  
but trampled on,  
Believe me now I

would that wrong atone  
With such submission as a heart can show,  
Asking no bread of life but that alone  
Your dear heart proffered and my pride let go.  
Give me your help, your pity, what you will,  
Your pardon for a sin, your act of grace  
For a rebellion vanquished and undone,  
The stone I once refused, that precious stone  
Your friendship, so my thoughts may serve  
you still  
Even if I never more behold your face.



LXXVI.

A MOCKERY OF LIFE.

A Triple Sonnet.



OD, what a mockery  
is this life of  
ours!

Cast forth in blood  
and pain from our  
mother's womb,  
Most like an excrement,  
and weeping  
showers  
Of senseless tears:

unreasoning, naked, dumb,  
The symbol of all weakness and the sum:  
Our very life a sufferance. Presently,  
Grown stronger, we must fight for standing-  
room

Upon the earth, and the bare liberty  
To breathe and move. We crave the right to toil.  
We push, we strive, we jostle with the rest.  
We learn new courage, stifle our old fears,  
Stand with stiff backs, take part in every broil.  
It may be that we love, that we are blest.  
It may be, for a little space of years,  
We conquer fate and half forget our tears.

## THE SAME

(Continued).

2.



AND then fate strikes us. First  
 our joys decay.  
 Youth, with its pleasures, is a  
 tale soon told.  
 We grow a little poorer day  
 by day.

Old friendships falter. Loves grow strangely  
 cold.

In vain we shift our hearts to a new hold

And barter joy for joy, the less for less.

We doubt our strength, our wisdom, and our  
 gold.

We stand alone, as in a wilderness

Of doubts and terrors. Then, if we be wise,

We make our terms with fate and, while we  
 may,

Sell our life's last sad remnant for a hope.

And it is wisdom thus to close our eyes.

But for the foolish, those who cannot pray,

What else remains of their dark horoscope

But a tall tree and courage and a rope?



## THE SAME

(Continued).

3.



AND who shall tell what igno-  
 miny death  
 Has yet in store for us; what  
 abject fears  
 Even for the best of us; what  
 fights for breath;  
 What sobs, what supplications, what wild tears;  
 What impotence of soul against despair  
 Which blot out reason? The last trembling  
 thought  
 Of each poor brain, as dissolution nears,  
 Is not of fair life lost, of heaven bought  
 And glory won. 'Tis not the thought of grief;  
 Of friends deserted; loving hearts which bleed;  
 Wives, sisters, children who around us weep.  
 But only a mad clutching for relief  
 From physical pain, importunate Nature's  
 need;  
 The search as for a womb where we may creep  
 Back from the world, to hide: perhaps to sleep.

## WHO WOULD LIVE AGAIN?



H, who would live  
again to suffer loss?  
Once in my youth I  
battled with my fate,  
Grudging my days to  
death. I would have  
won  
A place by violence  
beneath the sun.  
I took my pleasures

madly as by force,  
Even the air of heaven was a prize.  
I stood a plunderer at death's very gate,  
And all the lands of life I did o'errun  
With sack and pillage. Then I scorned to die,  
Save as a conqueror. The treasures  
Of love I ransacked; pity, pride, and hate.  
All that can make hearts beat or brim men's eyes  
With living tears I took as robes to wear.  
But see, now time has struck me on the hip.  
I cannot hate nor love. My senses are  
Struck silent with the silence of my lip.  
No courage kindles in my heart to dare,  
No strength to do. The world's last phantoms  
slip  
Out of my grasp, and naught is left but pain.  
Love, life, vain strength. Oh, who would live  
again?



## COLD COMFORT.



HERE is no comfort  
underneath the sun.  
Youth turns to age;  
riches are quickly  
spent;  
Pride breeds us pain,  
our pleasures punish-  
ment,  
The very courage  
which we count upon

A single night of fever shall break down,  
And love is slain by fear. Death last of all  
Spreads out his nets and watches for our fall.  
There is no comfort underneath the sun!  
When thou art old, O man, if thou wert proud  
Be humble; pride will here avail thee not.  
There is no courage which can conquer death.  
Forget that thou wert wise. Nay, keep thy  
breath  
For prayer, that so thy wisdom be forgot  
And thou perhaps get pity of thy God.

## AMOUR OBLIGE.



COULD forgive you,  
dearest, all the folly  
Your heart has  
dreamed. Alas, as  
we grow old,  
We need more  
vigorous cures for  
melancholy,  
A stronger nutriment  
for hearts grown cold.

We need in face of weakness to be bold.  
We need our folly to keep fate at bay.  
Oh, we need madness in the manifold  
Doubts and despairs which herald our decay.  
I could forgive you all and more than all,  
Yet, dearest, though for us fate waves his hand  
And we accept it as the common lot  
To meet no more at this life's festival,  
It were unseemly you should take your stand,  
Now my heart's citadel is laid in siege,  
In open field with those who love me not.  
Love has a rank which surely should oblige.



LXXXII.

TO ONE UNFORGOTTEN.



YOU are not false,  
perhaps, as lovers say,  
Meaning the act :  
Alas, that guilt was  
mine.

Nor, maybe, have you  
bowed at other shrine  
Than the true god's  
where first you  
learned to pray.

I know the idols round you. They are clay,  
Mere Dragons to the courage half divine  
Which bears you scathless still thro' sap and  
mine

And breach and storm upon your virgin way.  
Alas, I know your virtue; but your heart,  
How have you treated it? I sometimes see,  
When nights are long, a vision chaste and true  
Of pale pathetic eyes which gaze on me  
In love and grief eternal. Then I start,  
Crying aloud, and reach my arms to you.

LXXXIII.

TO ONE WHOM HE HAD LOVED  
TOO LONG.



HY do I cling to  
thee, sad love? Too  
long  
Thou bringest me  
neither pleasure to  
my soul  
Nor profit to my  
reason save in  
song,  
My daily utterance.

See, thy beggar's dole  
Of foolish tears cannot my tears cajole;  
Thy laughter doth my laughter grievous wrong;  
Thy anger angereth me; thou heapest coal  
Of fire upon my head the drear night long  
With thy forgiveness. What is this thou wilt?  
Mine ears have ceased to hear, my tongue to  
speak,  
And naught is left for my spent heart to do.  
Love long has left the feast; the cup is spilt.  
Let us go too. The dawn begins to break,  
And there is mockery in this heaven of blue.



LXXXIV.

HE WOULD LEAD A BETTER  
LIFE.



AM tired of folly,  
tired of my own ways.  
Love is a strife. I do  
not want to strive.  
If I had foes I now  
would make my peace.  
If I less wedded were  
I now would wive.  
I would do service to  
my kind, contrive

Something of good for men, some happiness  
For those who in the world still love and live;  
And, as my fathers did, so end my days.  
I would earn praise, I too, of honest men.  
I would repent in sackcloth if needs be.  
I would serve God and expiate my sin,  
Abjuring love and thee: ay, even thee.  
I would do this, dear love. But what am I  
To will or do? As we have lived we die.

## TO JULIET, ON HER APOSTASY.



OW dare I, Juliet, in  
 love's kindness be  
 Your counsellor for  
 these mad days of war,  
 I a sworn Montagu, to  
 liberty  
 Bound by all oaths  
 which men least lightly  
 swear?  
 How shall I aid you,  
 who enlisted are  
 In a strange camp, 'neath a strange captaincy,  
 Nor urge rebellion to that lurid star  
 Which mocks the captive nations held in fee?  
 Nay, bid me not thus falsify my griefs.  
 I cannot turn my creed nor change my king.  
 Around me crumble my life's last beliefs,  
 But in the wreck of faiths to faith I cling.  
 Lo, this my message is, till time shall die,  
 "Though all abandon these, yet never I."



## A RELAPSE.



THOUGHT that I  
 had done with fleshly  
 things,  
 That in the azure of  
 high thought my soul  
 Had learned to fly on  
 unsubstantial wings  
 To a new heaven, a  
 sublimer goal.  
 I thought that I was

wise beneath the cowl  
 Of my dead hopes, beyond all power of Spring's  
 Most eloquent music to again cajole,  
 And that my service was the King of kings'.  
 But look, alas, how thoughtless thought can be,  
 For to me thinking thus one ventured in  
 Bearing a letter and I read your name,  
 Then in an instant through my limbs a flame  
 Of pleasure ran, and wrought such change in me  
 That I was eager for all loveliest sin.

## AN AUTUMN SONNET.



THESE little presents  
 of your tenderness,  
 Although less grand a  
 gift than was your  
 love,  
 Are dear to me in this  
 October stress  
 Of wind and war and  
 whirling leaves above.  
 They comfort my  
 soul's autumn, and they prove  
 How little time can do, to ban or bless,  
 How much ourselves. You willed the years  
 should move  
 Back in their cycle. And behold, love, this!  
 Now, therefore, let us mark this fortunate day,  
 And use it for our feast day. Every year  
 Let us, when winds are high and the leaves fall,  
 Hold in this house our love's memorial,  
 Sitting thus hand in hand. Still let me lay,  
 As in the happy days, ere leaves were sere,  
 My head upon your lap and call you "dear."



## THE COMING OF LOVE.



YOU ask me how this  
wonder came about.  
'Twas thus it happened.  
I, that day, alone,  
Still weak and wrapped  
in white and without  
thought,  
Had wandered forth  
towards the dial-stone.  
No voice had told me

to prepare a throne  
For my King's coming; neither had I wrought  
New robes for him, nor woven any crown,  
Nor any speech my stammering lips had  
taught.

He came unheralded. His dark eyes were  
His only messengers for my delight.  
These told me of his presence and his will,  
And bade me fear not I was less than fair,  
But that I ever more thus clothed in white  
His grace should find. And so I serve him still.

## FRIENDS.



FELL among the  
thieves awhile ago,  
Who beat and stripped  
me; and, thus used, I  
fled  
For comfort to the  
arms of one I know  
Who is to me a sister,  
being wed  
To my heart's kins-

man. But "Alas," she said,  
"Your nakedness will bring our house to woe.  
"Prithee begone." She blushed, and turned  
her head,  
And left me doubting with which foot to go.  
Friends in the street beheld me, old and new.  
The new friends nodded; but the older stepped  
In haste from my reproachful eyes and me.  
They feared a creditor for sympathy,  
And so they fled. One only of the crew,  
A harlot, stopped me, kissed my wounds and  
wept.



## A WOMAN'S SONNETS.

1.



F the past year were  
 offered me again,  
 With choice of good  
 and ill before me set,  
 Should I be wiser for  
 the bliss and pain  
 And dare to choose  
 that we had never met?  
 Could I find heart  
 those happy hours

to miss,  
 When love began unthought of and unspoke  
 That first strange day when by a sudden kiss  
 We knew each other's secret and awoke?  
 Ah, no! not even to escape the smart  
 Of that fell agony I underwent,  
 Flying from thee and my own traitor heart,  
 Till doubts and dreads and battlings overspent,  
 I knew at last that thou or love or fate  
 Had conquered and repentance was too late.

XCI.

THE SAME

(Continued).

2.



AY, dear one, ask me not to  
leave thee yet.

Let me a little longer hold thy  
hand.

Too soon it is to bid me to  
forget

The joys I was so late to understand.

The future holds but a blank face for me,

The past is all confused with tears and grey,

But the sweet present, while thy smiles I see,  
Is perfect sunlight, an unclouded day.

Speak not of parting, not at least this hour,

Though well I know Love cannot Time outlast.

Let me grow wiser first and gain more power,

More strength of will to deal with my dead past.

Love me in silence still, one short hour's space:

'Tis all I ask of thee, this little grace.



XCII.

THE SAME

(Continued).

3.



HERE is the pride for which  
I once was blamed,  
My vanity which held its head  
so high?  
Who would believe them,  
seeing me thus tamed,  
Thus subject, here as at thy feet I lie,  
Pleading for love which now is all my life,  
Craving a word for memory's rage to keep,  
Asking a sign to still my inward strife,  
Petitioning a touch to soothe my sleep?  
Who would now guess them, as I kiss the  
ground  
On which the feet of him I love have trod,  
And bow before his voice whose least sweet  
sound  
Speaks louder to me than the voice of God;  
And knowing all the while that one dark day,  
Spite of my worship, thou wilt turn away?

XCIII.

THE SAME  
(Continued).

4.



SHOULD ever the day come  
when this drear world  
Shall read the secret which so  
close I hold,  
Should taunts and jeers at my  
bowed head be hurled,  
And all my love and all my shame be told,  
I could not, as some doughtier women do,  
Fling jests and gold and live the scandal down,  
Nor, knowing all fame's bruitings to be true,  
Keep a proud face and brave the talk of town.  
I have no courage for such tricks and ways,  
No wish to flaunt a once well-honoured name.  
I have too dear a thought of earlier days,  
Too deep a dread of my deserved shame.  
So, when it comes, with one last suppliant cry  
For pardon from my wronged ones, I must die.



XCIV.

THE SAME

(Continued).



HATE'ER the cost to me,  
with this farewell,  
I shall not see thee, speak to  
thee again.

If some on Earth must feel  
the pangs of Hell,

Mine only be it who have earned my pain.  
No matter if my life be blank and dead,  
Bankrupt of pleasure: it is better so  
Than risk dishonour on a once loved head,  
Than link all loved ones with my own sole woe.  
I have no claim to bring grief's shade on these,  
To mix their pure life's waters with my wine,  
To vex the dead, dear dead, in their new peace  
With knowledge of my sin and great decline.  
For these I leave thee, and, though life be rent  
With the rude fight, think not I shall relent.

XCV.

THE SAME

(Continued).

6.



WHAT have I lost? The faith I  
had that Right  
Must surely prove itself  
than Ill more strong.  
For see how little my poor  
prayers had might  
To save me, at the trial's pinch, from wrong.  
What have I lost? The truth of my proud eyes  
Scorning deceit. Behold me here to-day  
Leading a double life, at shifts with lies,  
And trembling lest each shadow should betray.  
No longer with my lost ones may I mourn,  
Who came to me in sleep and breathed soft  
words.  
Sleepless I lie and fearful and forlorn,  
With their love's edge still wounding like a  
sword's.  
In thy dear presence only I find rest.  
To thee alone naught needs to be confessed.



XCVI.

THE SAME

(Continued).

7.



WHAT have I gained? A little  
charity?  
I never more may dare to fling  
a stone  
At any weakness, nor make  
boast that I

A better fence or fortitude had shown;  
Some learning? I in love's lore have grown wise,  
Plucked apples of the evil and the good,  
Made one short trespass into Paradise  
And known the full taste of forbidden food.  
But love, if it be gold, has much alloy,  
And I would gladly buy back ignorance,  
But for the thought which still is my heart's joy  
That once your life grew happier in my hands,  
That in your darkest and most troubled hour  
I had, like Jesse's son, a soothing power.

XC VII.

THE SAME

(Continued).

8.



SUE thee not for pity on  
my case.

If I have sinned, the judg-  
ment has begun.

My joy was but one day of  
all the days,

And clouds have blotted it and hid the sun.

Thou wert so much to me! But soon I knew

How small a part could mine be in thy life,

That all a woman may endure or do

Counts little to her hero in the strife.

I do not blame thee who deserved no blame;

Thou hast so many worlds within thy ken.

I staked my all upon a losing game,

Knowing the nature and the needs of men,

And knowing too how quickly pride is spent.

With open eyes to Love and Death I went.



XCVIII.

THE SAME  
(Continued).

9.



HE day draws nigh, methinks,  
when I could stay  
Calm in thy presence with no  
dream of ill,  
When, having put all earthli-  
ness away,

I could be near thee, touching thee, and still  
Feel no mad throbbing at my foolish heart,  
No sudden rising of unbidden tears,  
Could mark thee come and go, to meet or part,  
Without the gladness and without the fears.  
Have patience with me then for this short space.  
I shall be wise, but may not yet unmoved  
See a strange woman put into my place  
And happy in thy love, as I was loved:  
This were too much. Ah, let me not yet see  
The love-light in thine eyes, and not for me.

XCIX.

THE SAME

(Continued).

10.



LOVE, ere I go, forgive me  
each least wrong,  
Each trouble I unwittingly  
have wrought.  
My heart, my life, my tears  
to thee belong;

Yet have I erred, maybe, through too fond  
thought;

One sin, most certainly, I need to atone:

The sin of loving thee while yet unwooed.

Mine only was this wrong, this guilt alone.

The woman tempted thee from ways of good.

Forgive me too, ere thy dear pity cease,

That I denied thee, vexed thee with delay,

Sought my soul's coward shelter, not thy peace,

And having won thee still awhile said nay.

Forgive me this, that I too soon, too late,

Too wholly gave a love disconsolate.



C.

THE SAME  
(Continued).

11.



ILD words I write, and lettered  
in deep pain,  
To lay in your loved hand as  
love's farewell.  
It is the thought we shall not  
meet again

Nerves me to write and my whole secret tell.  
For when I speak to you, you only jest,  
And laughing break the sentence with a kiss,  
Till my poor love is never quite confessed,  
Nor know you half its tears and tenderness.  
When the first darkness and the clouds began  
I hid it from you fearing your reproof;  
I would not vex your life's high aim and plan  
With my poor woman's woe, and held aloof.  
But now that all is ended, pride and shame,  
My tumults and my joys I may proclaim.

CI.

THE SAME

(Continued).

12.



IS ended truly, truly as  
was best.  
Love is a little thing, for  
one short day;  
You could not make it your  
life's only quest,  
Nor watch the poor corpse long in its decay.  
Go forth, dear, thou hast much to do on earth;  
In life's campaign there waits thee a great part,  
Much to be won and conquered of more worth  
Than this poor victory of a woman's heart.  
For me the daylight of my years is dim.  
I seek not gladness, yet shall find content  
In such small duties as are learned of Him  
Who bore all sorrows, till my youth is spent.  
Yet, come what may to me of weal or woe,  
I love thee, bless thee, dear, where'er thou go.



PART IV.  
VITA NOVA.





## A DAY IN SUSSEX.



HE dove did lend me  
wings. I fled away  
From the loud world  
which long had  
troubled me.  
Oh, lightly did I flee  
when hoyden May  
Threw her wild mantle  
on the hawthorn tree.  
I left the dusty high

road, and my way  
Was through deep meadows, shut with copses  
fair.

A choir of thrushes poured its roundelay  
From every hedge and every thicket there.  
Mild, moon-faced kine looked on, where in  
the grass

All heaped with flowers I lay, from noon till eve.  
And hares unwitting close to me did pass,  
And still the birds sang, and I could not grieve.  
Oh, what a blessed thing that evening was!  
Peace, music, twilight, all that could deceive  
A soul to joy or lull a heart to peace.  
It glimmers yet across whole years like these.

## IN ANNIVERSARIO MORTIS.



<sup>1.</sup>  
 F I can bring no tribute  
 of fresh tears  
 To mingle with the  
 dust which covers thee;  
 If in this latest dawn  
 of evil years  
 My rebel eyes with-  
 hold their sympathy;  
 If of a truth my thoughts  
 so barren be

Of their old griefs, so numb to tenderness  
 That they nor hear nor taste nor feel nor see  
 The sweetness of thy presence in this place;  
 If I now drowse, 'tis that the flesh is weak  
 More than the spirit. See, by thy dear bed  
 Once more I kneel in sorrow and in love.  
 See, I still watch by thee if thou shouldst move,  
 If thou shouldst raise thy hand or turn thy head,  
 Or speak my name: and yet thou dost not  
 speak.



CIV.

THE SAME.

(Continued).

2.



THESE flowers shall be my  
offering, living flowers  
Which here shall die with thee  
in sacrifice,  
Flowers from the empty fields  
which once were yours  
And now are mine. No gold, nor myrrh, nor  
spice,  
Nor any dead man's offering may suffice.  
I love not flowers: but thus to deck a grave  
Which has no need of things of greater price.  
Life is the only tribute death would have.  
Ah, thou art dead. Mine is this fair domain  
With all its living beauty and brave shows  
Of lawn, and lake, and garden; mine the  
increase  
Of the year's harvest, the slow growth of trees,  
And that fair natural wealth we loved in vain,  
Flowers, which shall never more adorn my  
house.

CV.

THE SAME  
(Continued).

3.



T is not true the dead un-  
honoured were  
If they returned to life. Nay,  
claim thine own,  
And see how gladly I, thy  
"thankless heir,"

Will yield thee back possession of thy throne.  
I am not so in love with riches grown  
That such can comfort me. Alas, too long  
The fields are furrowed and the wheat is sown  
For my sole grief that these should do thee  
wrong.

I hold these things not wholly as in fee,  
But thinking that perhaps some happy day  
We yet may walk together, and devise  
Of the old lands we loved, in Paradise,  
And I shall give account, as best I may,  
How I thy tenant was awhile for thee.



CVI.

THE SAME

(Continued).

4.



HY ways were not my ways.

Thy life was peace,

And mine has been a battle.

Thou didst store

Thy soul's wealth sternly to  
a sure increase,

And thy revenue's much still swelled to more.  
Thou squanderedst nothing on the pomp  
of war,

The lust of glory. No mad covetous eyes  
Were thine upon thy neighbour's lands afar,  
His wealth, his wife, his fenceless vanities.

Thou wert a brave, just man, whom all men  
knew

And trusted, and some loved, and thou to me  
Wert as a tower of strength, a sanctuary  
To which I fled from the world's maddened  
crew,

Wounded by me, and there with bloodstained  
hands

Clung to the altar of thy innocence.

CVII.

THE SAME

(Continued).

5.



HERE were two with thee in  
thine agony,  
I and another. In that hour  
supreme  
We stood beside thy cross and  
gazed at thee,  
Waiting till death should wake thee from thy  
dream.  
Thy hands held both our hands and clung to  
them  
And drew them to each other. We could see  
Thy dumb lips open as to either name  
And thy eyes turn to our eyes wistfully.  
O eloquent eyes! Ye were not closed in vain.  
Still from the grave ye speak, "Behold a son,  
"Behold a mother." From that rite of pain  
We two went home together bone of bone  
And flesh of flesh, distinguished among men,  
Thy witnesses till death shall come again.



## THE LIMIT OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.



HERE is a vice in  
the world's reason-  
ing. Man  
Has conquered  
knowledge. He has  
conquered power;  
He has traced out the  
universal plan  
Of the earth's being;  
and in this last hour

He has unmade the God which he had made.  
I cannot doubt but he at length has read  
The riddle of the Earth; that he is wise.  
He also hath dominion chartered  
Over the lands, the oceans, and the skies,  
Which toil and sweat to give him daily bread.  
Knowledge he hath, and power upon the earth,  
And long ago he had himself been God,  
But for the cruel secret of his birth,  
Which gave him kindred with the dust he trod,  
And for the hideous ending of his mirth,  
A fly-blown carrion festering 'neath the sod.

## THE PRIDE OF UNBELIEF.



WHEN I complained  
 that I had lost my  
 hope  
 Of life eternal with  
 the eternal God;  
 When I refused to  
 read my horoscope  
 In the unchanging  
 stars, or claim abode  
 With powers and  
 dominations; but, poor clod,  
 Clung to the earth and grovelled in my tears,  
 Because I soon must lie beneath the sod  
 And close the little number of my years,  
 Then I was told that pride had barred the way,  
 And raised this foul rebellion in my head.  
 Yet, strange rebellion! I, but yesterday,  
 Was God's own son in His own likeness bred.  
 And thrice strange pride! who thus am cast away  
 And go forth lost and disinherited.



## LAUGHTER AND DEATH.



HERE is no laughter  
in the natural world  
Of beast or fish or bird,  
though no sad doubt  
Of their futurity to  
them unfurled  
Has dared to check the  
mirth-compelling  
shout.

The lion roars his  
solemn thunder out  
To the sleeping woods. The eagle screams her  
cry.  
Even the lark must strain a serious throat  
To hurl his blest defiance at the sky.  
Fear, anger, jealousy have found a voice.  
Love's pain or rapture the brute bosoms swell.  
Nature has symbols for her nobler joys,  
Her nobler sorrows. Who had dared foretell  
That only man, by some sad mockery,  
Should learn to laugh who learns that he must  
die?

## THE PRE-ADAMITE WORLD.



HO shall declare the  
glory of the World,  
The natural World  
before man's form was  
seen?  
Fair stainless planet  
through the heavens  
hurled  
And clothed in gar-  
ments of immortal

green!

What depths of forest girt her! What serene  
Pastures were hers for cattle numberless  
Owning no lord save her, their guileless queen,  
Dear Nature's self who ruled them but to bless!  
If there was war in Heaven, peace reigned on  
Earth.

Not by disease did the world's life grow tame,  
But by the hand of god, in drought or dearth  
Or sudden palsy when the lion came.  
Death! Who should fear him or his mercys sue,  
Whose last pang was the first each creature  
knew?



CXII.

A VISION OF FOLLY.



SAW one rushing  
madly in pursuit  
Of Liberty. With  
frenzied steps he  
strode.  
Old laws and customs  
with disdainful foot  
He spurned beneath  
him in a mire of blood.  
He stood before the

wondering world a god,  
A king, with Freedom for his spouse and  
queen.  
He felt his empire was divine and trod,  
As on a footstool, on the necks of men.  
Ruin awhile and havoc strewed his path.  
He had his day of glory and his fall.  
He stood once more upon his father's hearth,  
Sated with pride, and there in frenzy worse  
Wrought foul dishonour on that honoured  
hall,  
And left its walls forever with a curse.

## AMBITION.



HAD ambition once.  
 Like Solomon,  
 I asked for wisdom,  
 deeming wisdom fair,  
 And with much pains  
 a little knowledge  
 won  
 Of nature's cruelty  
 and man's despair,  
 And mostly learned  
 how vain such learnings were.  
 Then in my grief I turned to happiness,  
 And woman's love awhile was all my care,  
 And I achieved some sorrow and some bliss,  
 Till love rebelled. Then the mad lust of power  
 Became my dream, to rule my fellow men;  
 And I too lorded it my little hour,  
 And wrought for weal or woe with sword and  
 pen,  
 And wounded many, some, alas, my friends.  
 Now I ask silence. My ambition ends.



## WRITTEN IN DISTRESS.



E sometimes sit in  
 darkness. I long while  
 Have sat there, in a  
 shadow as of death.  
 My friends and com-  
 forters no longer  
 smile,  
 And they who grudge  
 me wrongfully my  
 breath

Are strong and many. I am bowed beneath  
 A weight of trouble and unjust reproach  
 From many fools and friends of little faith.  
 The world is little worth, yet troubles much.  
 But I am comforted in this, that I,  
 Although my face is darkened to men's eyes  
 And all my life eclipsed with angry wars,  
 Now see things hidden; and I seem to spy  
 New worlds above my heaven. Night is wise  
 And joy a sun which never guessed the stars.

## A DISAPPOINTMENT.



PRING, of a sudden,  
came to life one day.  
Ere this, the winter  
had been cold and  
chill.

That morning first  
the summer air did fill  
The world, making  
bleak March seem  
almost May.

The daffodils were blooming golden gay;  
The birch trees budded purple on the hill;  
The rose, that clambered up the window-sill,  
Put forth a crimson shoot. All yesterday  
The winds about the casement chilly blew,  
But now the breeze that played about the door,  
So caught the dead leaves that I thought there  
flew  
Brown butterflies up from the grassy floor.  
But someone said you came not. Ah, too true!  
And I, I thought that winter reigned once more.



## A YEAR AGO.



YEAR ago I too was  
 proud of May,  
 I too delighted in the  
 blackbird's song.  
 When the sun shone  
 my soul made holiday.  
 When the rain fell I  
 felt it as a wrong.  
 Then for me too the  
 world was fresh and

young.

Oh, what a miracle each bluebell was!  
 How my heart leaped in union with my tongue,  
 When first I lit upon a stag's horn moss!  
 A year ago. Alas, one summer's fire,  
 One autumn's chill, one winter's discontent,  
 And now one spring of joy and hope deferred  
 Have brought me to this pass of undesire  
 That I behold May's veil of beauty rent  
 And stand unmoved by sun and flower and bird.

CXVII.

HE IS NOT A POET.



WOULD not, if I  
could, be called a poet.  
I have no natural love  
of the "chaste muse."  
If aught be worth the  
doing I would do it;  
And others, if they  
will, may tell the  
news.

I care not for their  
laurels but would choose  
On the world's field to fight or fall or run.  
My soul's ambition will not take excuse  
To play the dial rather than the sun.  
The faith I held I hold, as when a boy  
I left my books for cricket-bat and gun.  
The tales of poets are but scholars' themes.  
In my hot youth I held it that a man  
With heart to dare and stomach to enjoy  
Had better work to his hand in any plan  
Of any folly, so the thing were done,  
Than in the noblest dreaming of mere dreams.



ON THE SHORTNESS OF TIME.



F I could live without  
the thought of death,  
Forgetful of Time's  
waste, thy soul's decay,  
I would not ask for  
other joy than breath  
With light and sound  
of birds and the sun's  
ray.

I could sit on untroubled

day by day

Watching the grass grow, and the wild flowers  
range

From blue to yellow and from red to grey

In natural sequence as the seasons change.

I could afford to wait, but for the hurt

Of this dull tick of time which chides my ear.

But now I dare not sit with loins ungirt

And staff unlifted, for death stands too near.

I must be up and doing; ay, each minute.

The grave gives time for rest when we are in it.

## CHANCLEBURY RING.



AY what you will,  
there is not in the  
world  
A nobler sight than  
from this upper down.  
No rugged landscape  
here, no beauty hurled  
From its Creator's  
hand as with a frown;  
But a green plain on

which green hills look down  
Trim as a garden plot. No other hue  
Can hence be seen, save here and there the  
brown  
Of a square fallow, and the horizon's blue.  
Dear checker-work of woods, the Sussex weald.  
If a name thrills me yet of things of earth,  
That name is thine. How often I have fled  
To thy deep hedgerows and embraced each  
field,  
Each lag, each pasture: fields which gave me  
birth  
And saw my youth, and which must hold me  
dead.



## SONNET IN ASSONANCE.



THOUSAND blue-  
bells blossom in the  
wood,  
Shut in a tangled  
brake of briar roses,  
And guarded well  
from every wanton  
foot,  
A treasure by no eye  
of man beholden,

No eye but mine. No other tongue hath spoken  
Out to the joyless world what hidden joys  
Lie there untasted, mines of wealth unnoted,  
While a starved world without lives blank and  
void.

Ah, couldst thou know, poor wretch, what  
I have known,  
See what I saw upon that bank enshrined,  
Soft pity had not wholly left thy soul  
And tears had dimmed thy hard eyes uninvited.  
Eyes that are cruel bright with hunger's bright-  
ness,

Hunger for beauty, solitude, and peace.  
There hadst thou found a beauty and a silence,  
Such as nor tongue can tell nor fancy dream.

## YOUTH.



OUTH, ageless  
youth, the old gods'  
attribute!

To inherit cheeks a-  
tingle with such blood  
As wood nymphs  
blushed, who to the  
first-blown flute  
Went out in endless  
dancing through

the wood.

To live, and taste of that immortal food  
After the wild day's waste prepared for us  
By deathless hands, and straightway be re-  
newed,  
Like the god's entrails upon Caucasus.  
To rise at dawn with eye and brain and sense  
Clear as the pale green edge where dawn began,  
While each bold thought full shapen should  
arise,  
Cutting the horizon of experience,  
Sharp as an obelisk. Ah, wretched man,  
'Tis little wonder that the gods are wise.



AGE.



AGE, thou art the  
very thief of joy,  
For thou hast rifled  
many a proud fool  
Of all his passions,  
hoarded by a rule  
Of stern economy.  
Him, yet a boy,  
Harsh wisdom  
governed. Others

turned to toy  
With lusty passion. He was chaste and cool  
As a young Dorian in Lyncurgus' school.  
Ah, me! that thou such souls shouldst dare  
annoy.

Thus did he gather him a store of pleasure,  
Nor cared to touch what he so hardly won,  
But led long years of solitary strife;  
And, when the rest should have consumed  
their treasure,

He thought to sit him in the evening sun  
And taste the sweet fruits of a sober life.

CXXXIII.

THE SAME

(Continued).

2.



UT thou didst come upon him  
ere he wist,  
A silent highwayman, and take  
his all  
And leave him naked, when the  
night should fall  
And all the road was conjured in a mist.  
Too well thou keepedest thy unholy tryst,  
As long ago that eastern seneschal  
Rode all day long to meet at evenfall  
Him he had fled ere yet the sun uprist.  
But I have spent me like a prodigal  
The treasure of my youth, and, long ago,  
Have eaten husks among the hungry swine,  
And when I meet thee I will straightway fall  
Upon thy neck, and if the tears shall flow,  
They shall be tears of love for thee and thine.



## THE VENUS OF MILO.



HAT art thou?  
 Woman? Goddess?  
 Aphrodite?  
 Yet never such as thou  
 from the cold foam  
 Of ocean, nor from  
 cloudy heaven might  
 come,  
 Who was begotten on  
 her bridal night

In passionate Earth's womb by Man's delight,  
 When Man was young. I cannot trace in thee  
 Time's handiwork. Say, rather, where is he  
 For whom thy face was red which is so white?  
 Thou standest ravished, broken, and thy face  
 Is writ with ancient passions. Thou art dumb  
 To my new love. Yet, whatsoe'er of good,  
 Of crime, of pride, of passion, or of grace  
 In woman is, thou, woman, hast in sum.  
 Earth's archetypal Eve. All Womanhood.

## WRITTEN AT FLORENCE.



WORLD, in very  
truth thou art too  
young,  
When wilt thou learn  
to wear the garb of  
age?

World, with thy cover-  
ing of yellow flowers,  
Hast thou forgot what  
generations sprung

Out of thy loins and loved thee and are gone?  
Hast thou no place in all their heritage  
Where thou dost only weep that I may come  
Nor fear the mockery of thy yellow flowers?  
O world, in very truth thou art too young.  
The heroic wealth of passionate emprise  
Built thee fair cities for thy naked plains.  
How hast thou set thy summer growth among  
The broken stones which were their palaces?  
Hast thou forgot the darkness where he lies  
Who made thee beautiful, or have thy bees  
Found out his grave to build their honeycombs?



CXXVI.

THE SAME.

(Continued).

2.



WORLD, in very truth thou  
art too young,  
They gave thee love who  
measured out thy skies,  
And, when they found for thee  
another star,

Who made a festival and straightway hung  
The jewel on thy neck. O merry world,  
Hast thou forgot the glory of those eyes  
Which first looked love in thine? Thou has not  
furled

One banner of thy bridal car for them.

O world, in very truth thou art too young.

There was a voice which sang about thy spring,  
Till winter froze the sweetness of his lips,  
And lo, the worms had hardly left his tongue  
Before thy nightingales were come again.

O world, what courage hast thou thus to sing?

Say, has thy merriment no secret pain

No sudden weariness that thou art young?

## PALAZZO PAGANI.



HIS is the house  
 where, twenty years  
 ago  
 They spent a spring  
 and summer. This  
 shut gate  
 Would lead you to the  
 terrace, and below  
 To a rose garden long  
 since desolate.

Here they once lived. How often have I sat  
 Till it was dusk among the olive trees,  
 Waiting to hear their coming horse-hoofs grate  
 Upon the gravel; till the freshening breeze  
 Bore down a sound of voices. Even yet  
 A broken echo of their laughter rings  
 Through the deserted terraces; and see,  
 While I am speaking, from the parapet  
 There is a hand put forth, and some one flings  
 Her very window open overhead.  
 How sweet it is, this scent of rosemary!  
 These are the last tears I shall ever shed.



CXXXVIII.

THE SUBLIME.

1.



O stand upon a windy  
pinnacle,  
Beneath the infinite  
blue of the blue noon,  
And underfoot a  
valley terrible  
As that dim gulf,  
where sense and being  
swoon  
When the soul parts;

a giant valley strewn  
With giant rocks; asleep, and vast, and still,  
And far away. The torrent, which has hewn  
His pathway through the entrails of the hill,  
Now crawls along the bottom and anon  
Lifts up his voice, a muffled tremulous roar,  
Borne on the wind an instant, and then gone  
Back to the caverns of the middle air;  
A voice as of a nation overthrown  
With beat of drums, when hosts have marched  
to war.

CXXIX.

THE SAME.

(Continued).

2.



LUTCHING the brink with  
hands and feet and knees,  
With trembling heart, and eyes  
grown strangely dim,  
A part thyself and parcel of the  
frieze

Of that colossal temple raised to Time,  
To gaze on horror, till, as in a crime,  
Thou and the rocks become accomplices.  
There is no voice, no life 'twixt thee and them.  
No life! Yet, look, far down upon the breeze  
Something has passed across the bosom bare  
Of the red rocks, a leaf, a shape, a shade.  
A living shadow! ay, above thee there,  
Weaving majestic circles overhead,  
Others are watching. This is the sublime  
To be alone, with eagles in the air.



## A FOREST IN BOSNIA.



PIRIT of Trajan!  
 What a world is here,  
 What remnant of old  
 Europe in this wood  
 Of life primæval rude  
 as in the year  
 When thy first legions  
 by the Danube stood.  
 These are the very  
 Dacians they subdued,

Swineherds and shepherds clad in skins of deer  
 And fox and marten still, a bestial brood,  
 Than their own swine begotten swinelier.  
 The fair oak-forest, their first heritage,  
 Pastures them still, and still the hollow oak  
 Receives them in its bosom. Still o'erhead  
 Upon the stag-head tops, grown hoar with age,  
 Calm buzzards sit and ancient ravens croak,  
 And all with solemn life is tenanted.

## ROUMELI HISSAR.

A Sonnet.



HE empire of the  
 East, grown dull to  
 fear  
 By long companion-  
 ship with angry fate,  
 In silent anguish saw  
 her doom appear  
 In this dark fortress  
 built upon the strait,  
 And Sultan  
 Mahmoud standing at her gate,  
 For she must perish. Hissar many a year  
 Struck terror into all who gazed thereat,  
 Till in his turn the Turk had learned to wear  
 The purple and fine linen of the State,  
 And fell in impotence. These walls to-day,  
 With Judas-tree and lilac overgrown,  
 Move all men's hearts. For close on barbarous  
 power  
 Tread lust and indolence, and then decay  
 Till we forgive. The very German boor,  
 Who in his day of fortune moves our scorn,  
 Purged of his slough, in after ages may  
 Invite the tears of nations yet unborn.



CXXXII.

THE OASIS OF SIDI KHALED.



OW the earth burns!  
Each pebble underfoot  
Is as a living thing  
with power to wound.  
The white sand  
quivers, and the foot-  
fall mute  
Of the slow camels  
strikes but gives no  
sound,

As though they walked on flame, not solid  
ground.

'Tis noon, and the beasts' shadows even have  
fled

Back to their feet, and there is fire around

And fire beneath, and overhead the sun.

Pitiful heaven! What is this we view?

Tall trees, a river, pools, where swallows fly.

Thickets of oleander where doves coo,

Shades, deep as midnight, greenness for tired  
eyes.

Hark, how the light winds in the palm-tops  
sigh.

Oh, this is rest. Oh, this is paradise.

## TO THE BEDOUIN ARABS.



CHILDREN of  
 Shem! Firstborn of  
 Noah's race,  
 But still forever chil-  
 dren; at the door  
 Of Eden found, un-  
 conscious of disgrace,  
 And loitering on while  
 all are gone before;  
 Too proud to dig; too  
 careless to be poor;  
 Taking the gifts of God in thanklessness,  
 Not rendering aught, nor supplicating more,  
 Nor arguing with Him when He hides His face.  
 Yours is the rain and sunshine, and the way  
 Of an old wisdom by our world forgot,  
 The courage of a day which knew not death.  
 Well may we sons of Japhet in dismay  
 Pause in our vain mad fight for life and breath,  
 Beholding you. I bow and reason not.



## GIBRALTAR.



EVEN weeks of sea,  
and twice seven days  
of storm  
Upon the huge At-  
lantic, and once more  
We ride into still water  
and the calm  
Of a sweet evening  
screened by either  
shore

Of Spain and Barbary. Our toils are o'er,  
Our exile is accomplished. Once again  
We look on Europe, mistress as of yore  
Of the fair earth and of the hearts of men.  
Ay, this is the famed rock, which Hercules  
And Goth and Moor bequeathed us. At this  
door  
England stands sentry. God! to hear the shrill  
Sweet treble of her fifes upon the breeze  
And at the summons of the rock gun's roar  
To see her red coats marching from the hill.

TO ONE, WITH A SPRING  
NOSEGAY.

EE, Silvia, here I send  
you these Spring  
flowers,  
Though Summer's  
come already and full  
June.

The year is late, like  
this new love of ours,  
And all the sweeter  
that it came less soon.

In the oak-woods I gathered them at noon,  
And heard the thrushes sing without a stop.  
The sturdy cuckoo had not changed his tune,  
But told his old wild loves still full of hope.  
Here bluebells you will find and margarets,  
And clovers pink, and periwinkles blue,  
And royal broom of lost Plantagenets,  
And lilac sprays, your own, and all for you.  
Yes, all for you, and with them this poor song  
From a true heart their greenest leaves among.



TO ONE, AT THE PARTING OF  
THE WAYS.

HERE our roads part.  
Go thou by the green  
valley,  
Thy youth before thee  
and thy river Nile.  
My path lies o'er the  
desert, and my galley  
Has rougher seas to  
plough (and days) the  
while.

I know not what to offer you: a smile,  
A blessing, a farewell? I dare not dally  
Even with the thought of tears. 'T was but a  
mile

We walked together, and such things were  
folly.

I will not hope, who have no faith in fate,  
That I shall you remember or you me  
Beyond to-morrow. Yet, perhaps, the wind  
Blowing some morning through its Eastern  
gate

May tell you of my fortune; and, behind  
The Western star some evening I may see,  
As in a vision of far days more kind,  
Your dear eyes watching while the night grows  
blind.

## TO ONE IN A GARDEN.



F I were other than,  
 alas, I am,  
 A soul in strife, whom  
 banded foemen vex,  
 If toil were folly and  
 good deeds a sham,  
 And hydra wrong  
 had shed its serpent  
 necks.

And life's dark pro-  
 blems could no more perplex.  
 How sweet it were, forgotten of all blame,  
 In that far garden which your summer decks  
 To dream with you that grief was but a name.  
 Ay, dream! For waking which of us were wise  
 To spell grief's epitaph? Some tears must be  
 Even in herald hour of your sunrise.  
 And in the night? Ah, child, what misery,  
 Think you, awaits us when life's flood gates  
 strain  
 To the full deluge of the descending rain?



CXXXVIII.

TO ONE, ON HER BIRTHDAY.



NOW shall I choose to  
wish you happiness  
On this day or another?  
Your life's way  
Has passed already far  
beyond our guess  
Who only watch and  
wait for you and pray.  
Our love is but the  
creature of man's clay,

And you have chosen grief for your soul's bliss.  
How shall I offer you mere joy to-day,  
Nor seem for greater wealth to bring you less?  
You have a world to win by faith sublime.  
You have a heart to break for human woe.  
That which you seek was never seen in Time.  
That you shall find I dare not seek to know.  
Yet will I wish you this, for your new birth,  
You still may love: the sweetest thing on Earth.

## TO THE SAME, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.



EAR secret, if my  
wishes could have  
wings,  
And you had need of  
aught for happiness,  
How would I fly to  
gather costly things  
In lands afar and blue  
seas fathomless!  
What buried gems;

What long-drowned argosies;  
What secrets shut in passionate lute-strings;  
What dust of martyrs agonised in bliss;  
What broken sceptres in the hands of kings!  
How would I fashion these for your delight  
In tales of grief and love for ever young,  
Till you too dreamed: But that my sluggard  
wit

Falters, and time is heavy on my tongue,  
And that you scorn all dreams but the sole  
right  
Of your soul's truth triumphant over wrong.



## TO ONE, WITH HIS SONNETS.



HIS is the book. For  
 evil and for good,  
 What my life was in  
 it is written plain.  
 These are no dreams,  
 but things of flesh and  
 blood,  
 The past that lived  
 and shall not live  
 again.

This is the book. I dare not bid you read.  
 Too much of my poor soul you would unlock.  
 Your own soul, if it tender were, might bleed.  
 I could not bear that you should only mock.  
 My life lies here. And yet in vain, dear heart,  
 The tale is told. One page it yearns to see,  
 One play where one best actor should find part.  
 But that, alas for love! shall never be.  
 Yet, if a sign you seek between these lines,  
 One hidden lies for you, a sign of signs.

A NEW DEDICATION.



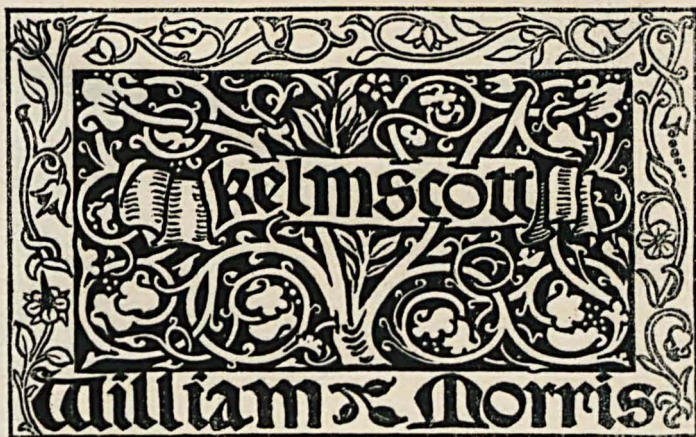
O her the sweetest,  
fairest, worthiest one,  
Who the inspirer is  
of my new praise,  
Whom lately once,  
one Autumn after-  
noon,  
I walked with nor  
told aught a lover  
says,

And yet who knows I love her in all ways  
A maiden dreams: the suppliant at her throne,  
The counsellor of strength, the lord of lays.  
Loyal to chastity and her alone,  
These rhymes I dedicate. Oh, if there be  
Still in this world of vanished creeds and kings  
Some faith in royal blood and right divine,  
Some lingering reverence paid to majesty,  
Here seek it and here find it, for it clings  
To each hushed verse like incense to a shrine.



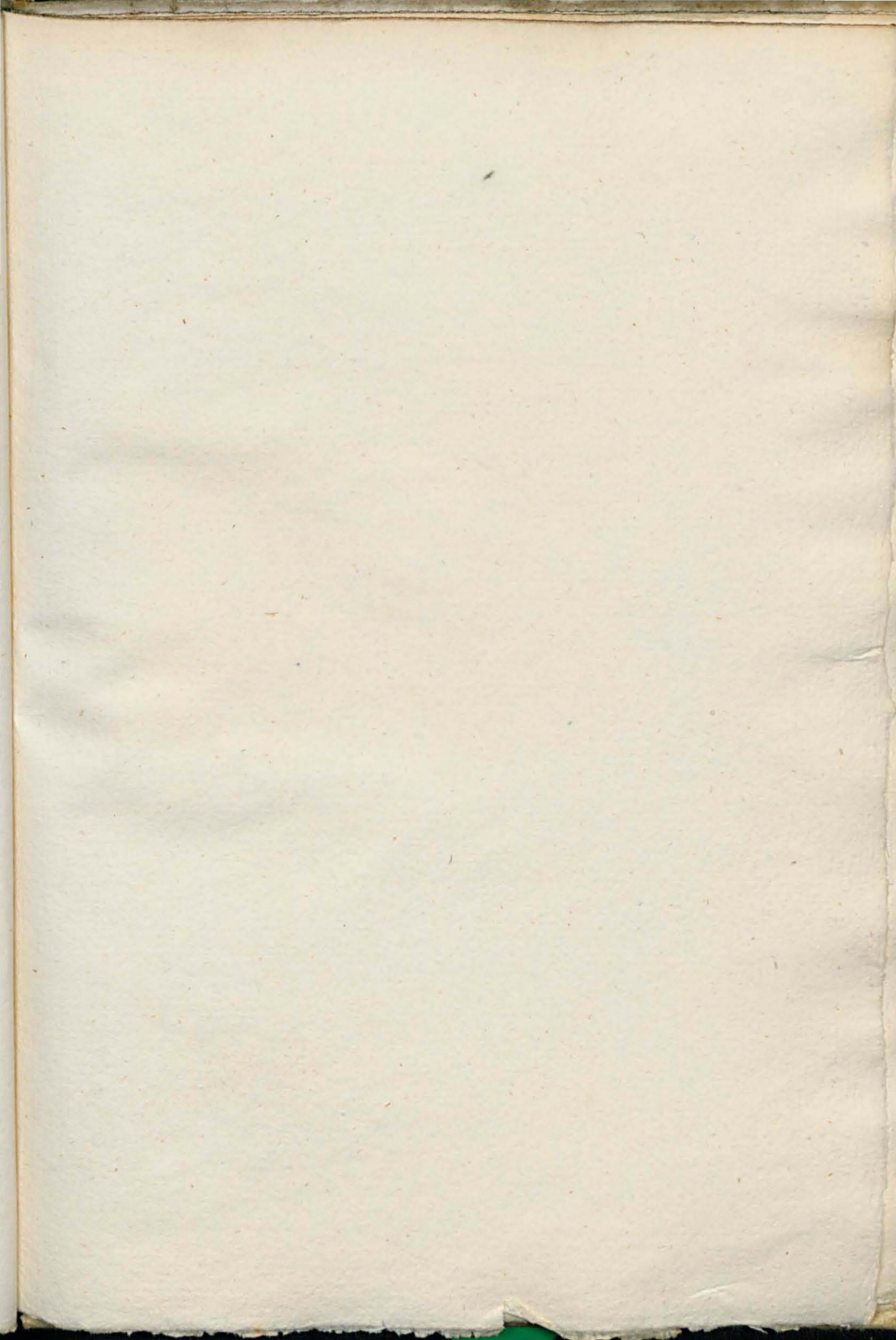
HERE end the Love-Lyrics and Songs of Proteus, Written by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt; with the Love-Sonnets of Proteus by the same Author. Printed by William Morris at the Kelmscott Press, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, in the County of Middlesex, and finished on the 26th day of January of the year 1892.

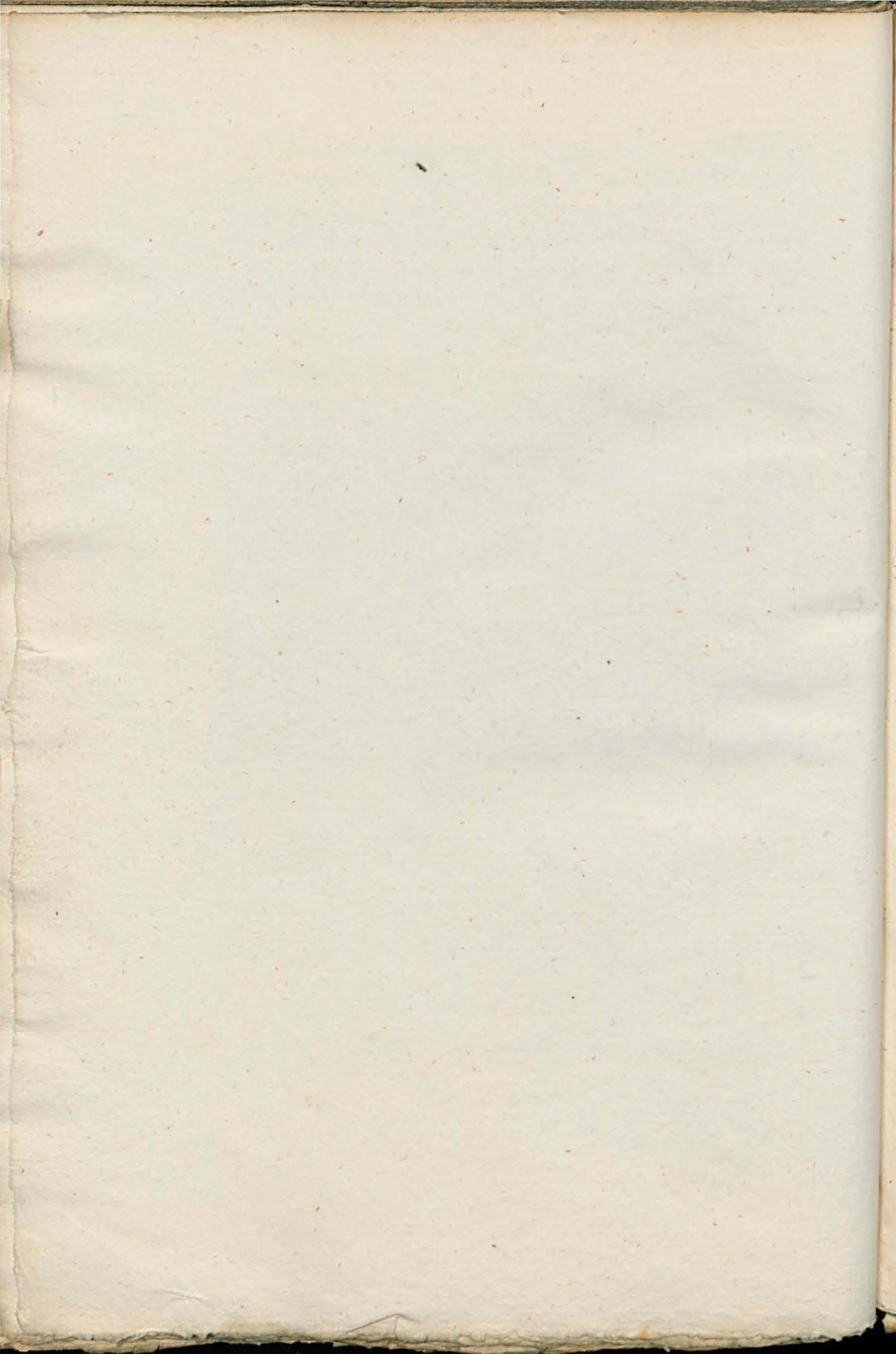
Sold by Reeves & Turner, 196 Strand, London.





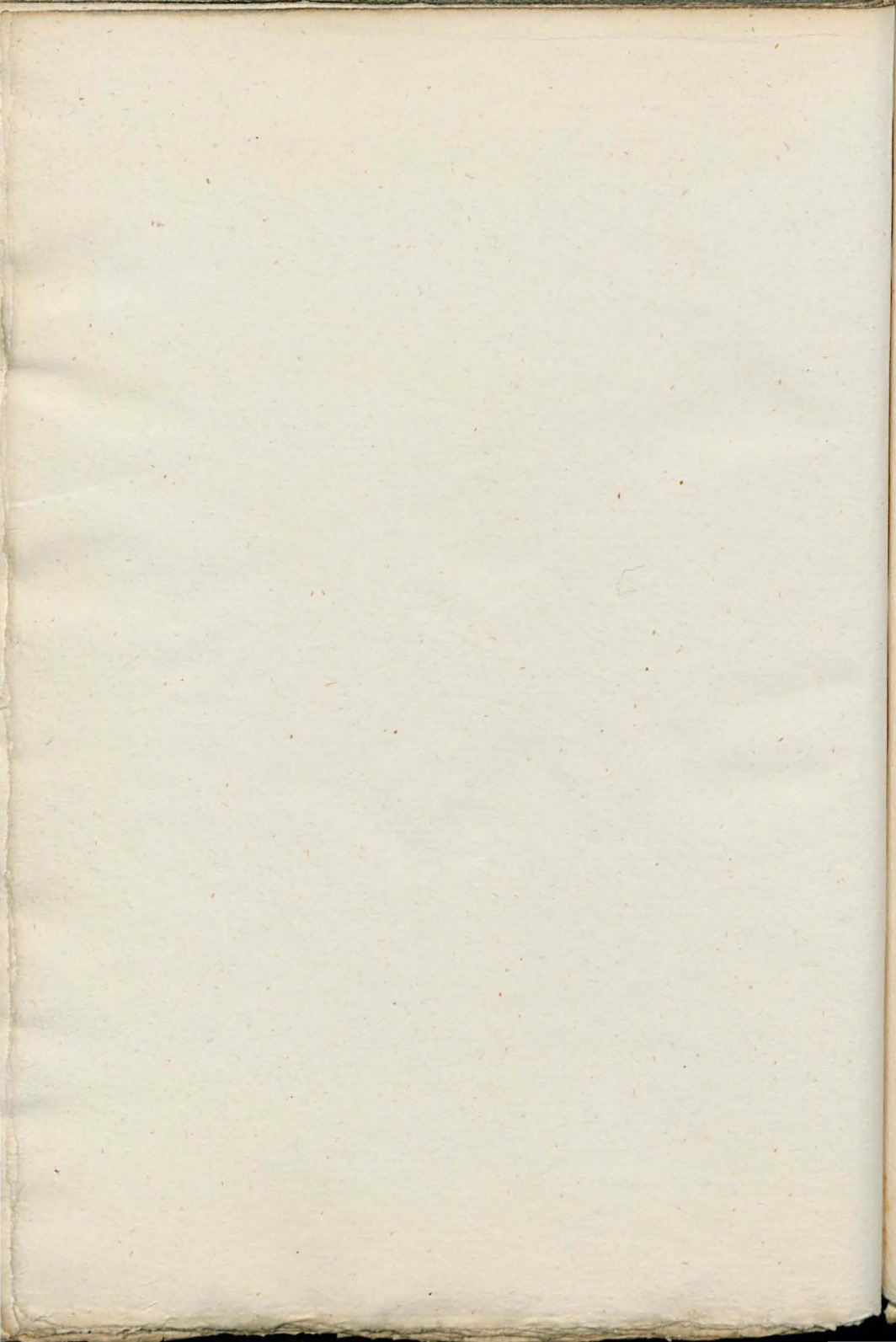




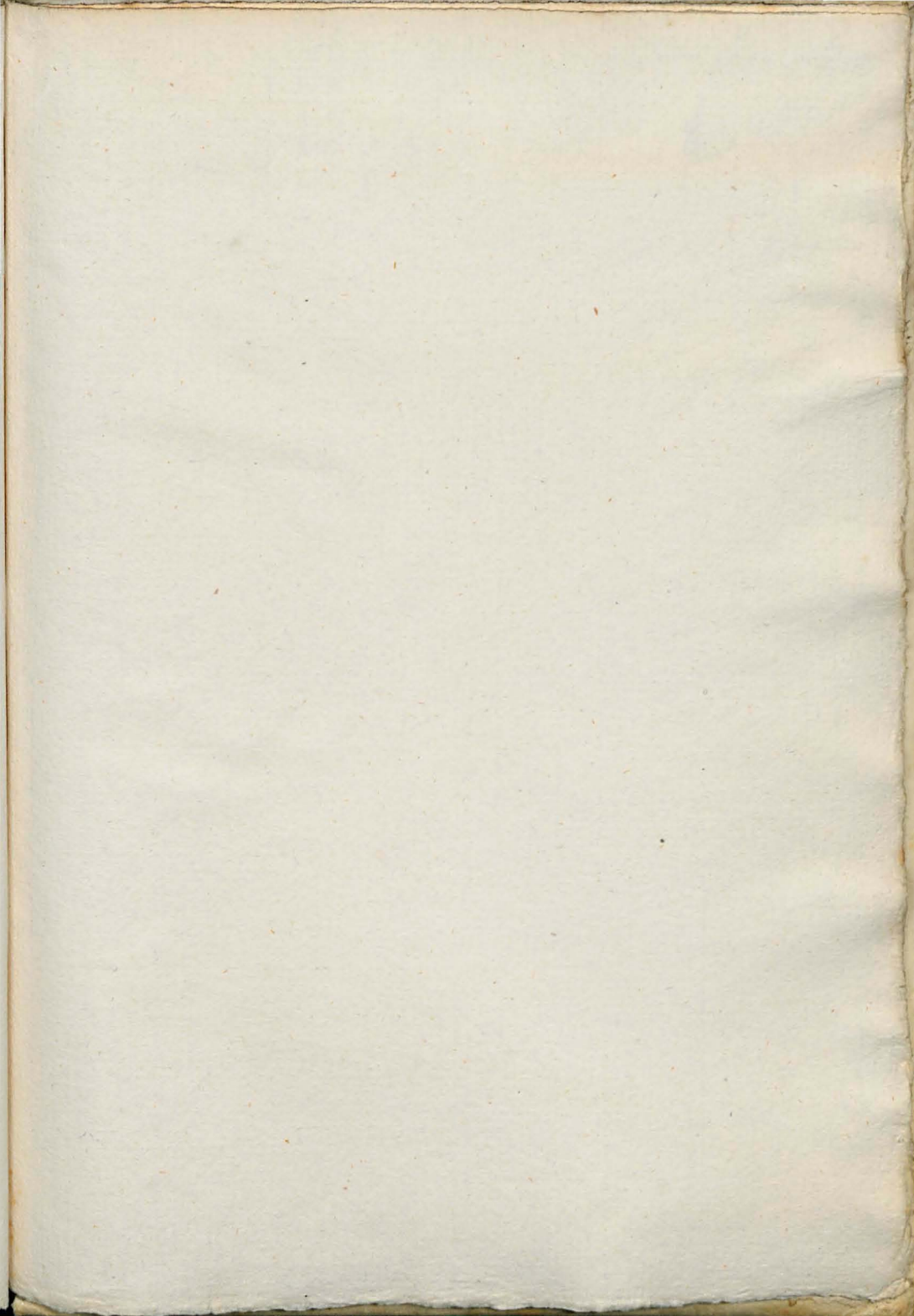
















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